



No. 292.—VOL. XXIII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6^d.



LADY NAYLOR-LEYLAND, THE WIFE OF THE NEW MEMBER FOR THE SOUTHPORT DIVISION OF LANCASHIRE.

The Anglo-American alliance is becoming marked in English politics. Mr. George Curzon, whose wife was an American, has, as all the world knows, resigned his seat in Parliament and become Viceroy of India. He has been succeeded by Sir H. S. Naylor-Leyland, who represents the opposite side in politics, but who also possesses an American wife. Lady Naylor-Leyland (née Miss Jeanie Willson Chamberlain) comes from Cleveland, Ohio. This portrait of her is photographed by Miss Alice Hughes, of Gower Street, from a painting by her father, Mr. Edward Hughes.

THE WORLD'S NEGLECTED END.

THE STORY OF THE QUEST OF THE SOUTH POLE.

It is certainly curious, as an after-luncheon speaker remarked the other day, that, although we live upon a veritable ant-hill of a world, one end of it should have escaped attention so long. The reason of this neglect is possibly the superior attraction of the other end, which has claimed its due share of votaries and more than its due share of victims. Neither end, of course, is hospitable, and when one speaks of superior attraction, one means simply that the northern end is a good deal nearer anywhere than the south, and that its inaccessibility is more accessible.

Until 1839 nothing had been done towards the recovery of the unfortunate South Pole. In that year an expedition was fitted out for

magnetic and geographical discovery in the Antarctic. The commander, Rear-Admiral James Clarke Ross, afterwards known to fame as Sir James Ross, had already won distinction in the chilly field of Arctic exploration. Ross, who was born in 1800, was a native of Wigtonshire, and was a nephew of Colonel Andrew Ross, who helped to quell the Gibraltar mutiny, and of Sir John Ross, another distinguished Arctic voyager.

Sir James Ross was the actual discoverer of the magnetic pole in the Felix Booth expedition of 1829, when he accompanied his uncle in a little vessel called the *Victory*. His first independent command was on a voyage to Baffin's Bay to relieve some whalers, his second was the first Antarctic expedition. The names of the two ships of the expedition, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, are familiar to every schoolboy who learns his lessons. In September 1839 they set sail, and on New Year's Day, 1841, the voyagers first crossed the Antarctic Circle. Very soon after, they discovered a high range of land, which Ross named Victoria. Other discoveries followed. A great and mysterious volcano, twelve thousand feet high, was appropriately called Mount Erebus, and, at length, before the explorers rose a huge wall of ice, which barred all further progress.

The expedition returned to England in 1843, having lost, wonderful to relate, only one man. Ross was knighted, and received the gold medal of the Geographical Societies of London and Paris. Until very recently, the South Pole remained unassailed, and Mount Erebus was left to smoke in solitude. A year or two ago, however, Victoria Land and Ross's "marvellous range of ice-cliffs" were again sighted by an adventurous Norwegian expedition which went out, in a vessel fittingly enough named the *Antarctic*, not to bring back the Pole, but to see if the black whale existed in those seas. No black whales, but plenty of the blue species were seen. This, however, was not taken by the leader of the expedition as final proof that the black whale was not to be found. Other quests, however, suggested themselves to the party, and the fascination of the mysterious South Pole led to further speculation thereupon; not that the captain went there and

acted St. Simeon Stylites, but that he fancied, with modern appliances, the threatening ice-wall might be scaled, when he trusted a snowy plateau would be disclosed, over which sledges might make a comparatively easy journey to the southern extremity of the earth's axis. The Norwegian expedition made the $74\frac{1}{2}$ parallel of South latitude, within two days of Ross's furthest point. From the Admiral's day until the hardy Norsemen's nobody had seen Possession Island.

The seeker after whales—no Jonah he—came home, was interviewed, criticised, and was, of course, voted by some a man of grit, by others a humbug. His Antarctic theory, however, so far prevailed as to inspire

Sir George Newnes with confidence and a desire to acquire at his own expense that tit-bit from the most interesting source of all, the South Pole itself. So the good ship *Southern Cross* was fitted out with everything that modern science could suggest to further the objects of the expedition and keep the members comfortable and happy. On Monday, Aug. 23, she sailed from St. Katharine's Docks, London, bound for Hobart Town. Thence she will make a straight course for Cape Adair, where a party of eight will land and build huts, the wood for which is in the hold of the *Southern Cross*. The ship will then say good-bye until September 1899, when she will return, and the ascent of the ice-wall will be attempted. Should that be successful, and should the expected plateau open out before the explorers, all hands, with sledges, will then make a dash for the Pole. Forty sledge-dogs, purchased in Siberia, accompany the expedition. Before starting, the ship was a wonderful free museum, guns, ski, sledges, ice appliances, sealing-ladders, dogs, and so forth being set out for visitors' inspection. On Aug. 19

the company got a hearty "send-off" at a luncheon-party given on board by Sir George Newnes. With the expedition go magnetic observers, zoologists, and, of course, a highly qualified physician. Even if the Pole be not found, the scientific results of the venture must be very valuable.

The leader of the expedition, Herr Borchgrevink, who went formerly in quest of the black whale, but saw only the blue, is a native of Christiania, and is thirty-four years of age. He was educated at Gjertsen College, subsequently studied science in Saxony, and was for a time in the Queensland Government service. He has also been a teacher of natural science in a Sydney college. On his last Antarctic voyage he was thirty-eight days working through the pack-ice, then he found a clear and calm expanse of sea. He believes in a great South Polar continent, containing possibly many new specimens of animal life, perhaps even a new race of men. These, should he be fortunate enough to bring some of them home in the *Southern Cross*, will be tit-bits indeed!

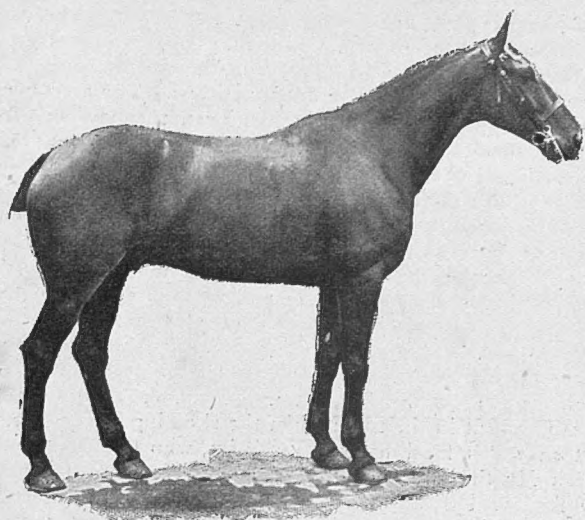


THE "SOUTHERN CROSS," WHICH CARRIES SIR GEORGE NEWNES'S EXPLORERS TO THE SOUTH POLE.

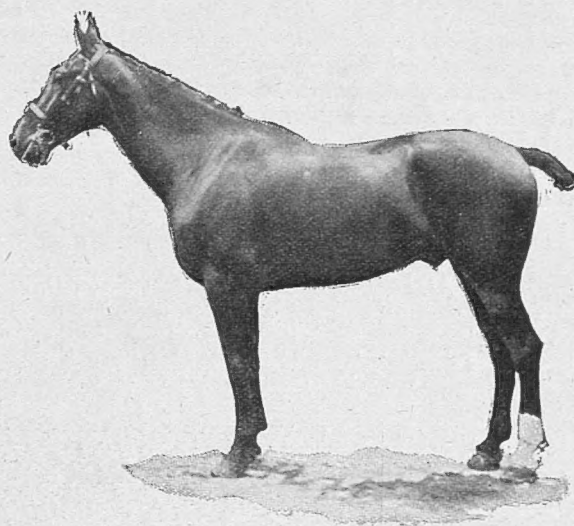
Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

SOME PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

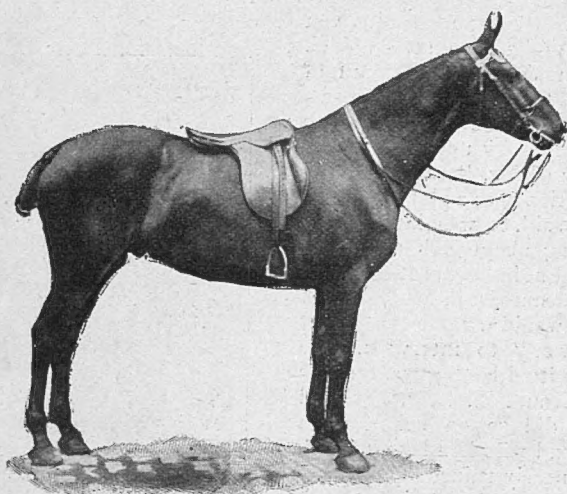
Photographs by Chancellor, Dublin.



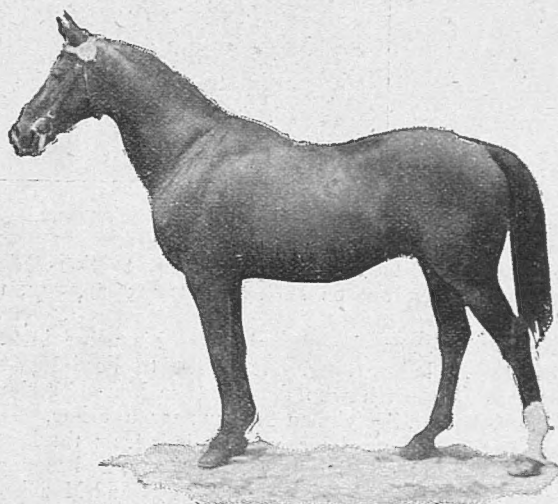
MR. P. BEATTY'S HUNTER, RANJL.



MR. J. R. FRY'S HUNTER, HUNTSMAN.



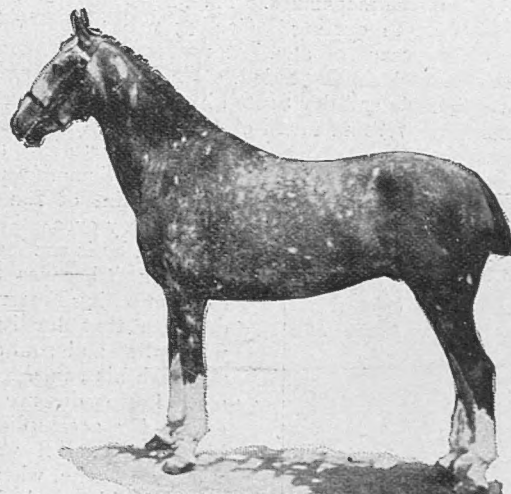
LIEUT.-COLONEL CHEVERS' HUNTER, DRAGON.



MR. D. BYRNE'S STALLION, GLEN ART.



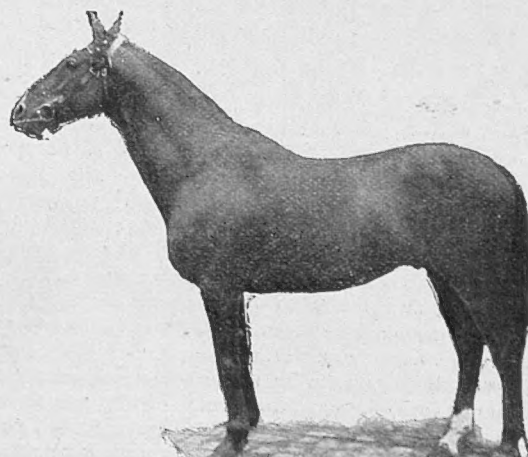
MR. W. PALLIN'S STALLION, RED PRINCE II.



MR. T. J. STUDDERT'S HUNTER, CHAMELEON.



MR. T. J. STUDDERT'S HUNTER, CAHIRMEE.



MR. E. KENNEDY'S STALLION, FORTUNIO.

THE RETURN OF THE WANDERERS.

British wheelmen ought to be proud. Three of their number—Fraser, Lunn, and Lowe—are due back in London in a few days, after having put a circle round the earth. Since leaving London, two years ago, they have cycled across Belgium and Holland, spun through Germany over into Austria, thence Hungary, then among the mountains of Transylvania, through Roumania, right over thousands of miles of barren steppes in Southern Russia, right over the fearful Caucasus Mountains, through picturesque Georgia and bloody Armenia, past Mount Ararat, where the Ark was not seen; then through Persia, the dominions of the Shah, then a traversing of India at its broadest part, up through the jungles of Burma, a dash across unexplored Central China, through the islands of Japan, and then straight across the American continent from San Francisco on the Pacific Coast to New York on the Atlantic. And I hear that as soon as the ship deposits them on English soil, they will mount their old bicycles and ride right back into London again. Yes, I for one will certainly take off my hat to them. They may have been mad to start out on such a journey; anyway, they were very plucky.



MR. JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

I suppose John Foster Fraser—he always writes his name in full—will be giving us a book before long. It ought to be interesting. Fraser is the only man on earth who doesn't take himself seriously. And frivolity on the part of a Scotchman is very near a crime. He is an Edinburgh man, but, like a good many other lads from the Land o' Cakes, he prefers England to his native heath. Anyway, he has a good journalistic record behind him in Nottingham, Sheffield, and Manchester. When he was a reporter in the House of Commons he was one of the brightest and most sparkling describers of debates in that dreary assembly. Then he took to writing in the magazines. Then he took to the spinning of stories. Then he took to cycling. Cycling will probably be his death. He is over thirty years of age, but not much; fair-featured, grey-eyed, clean-shaven, and shock-headed. He looks as sullen as a heifer, but he has what people call dry Scotch humour, and he can tell a splendid story as though it were a funeral oration. He has a great knack of telling stories against himself. Sometimes you catch a glint of fun in his serious grey eyes.

Well, he is coming back. I say "he," because there's never anything Fraser has to do with that he isn't the whole life and soul of, and, although his comrades Lunn and Lowe deserve equal credit for accomplishing a big journey, I'll wager it was Fraser who, when there were troubles and dangers, cajoled and cursed and wheedled and damned the others into good heart—I say he is coming back, but not alone. Always a confirmed bachelor, he has done what confirmed bachelors are always doing. He's married. And if what I hear is true, Mrs. Fraser is one of the most charming American girls that any Britisher ever captured as a wife. Maybe it was a case of "She loved him for the



THIS AMERICAN MAID HAS BECOME A BRITISH MATRON.

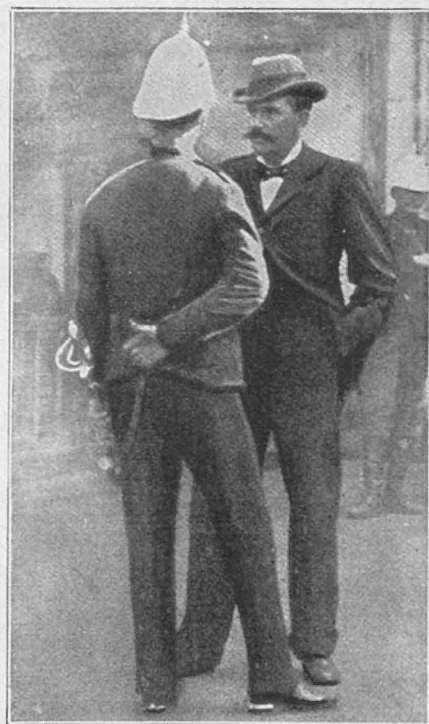
dangers he had passed; and he loved her because she pitied them." Anyway, it seems that, no sooner did he sight America than he started wooing one of America's daughters. And, when he and Lunn and Lowe had cycled half-way across America, he made some excuse about going out to have his hair cut, and the next they knew of him was that he was travelling back by train to the Pacific Coast. He travelled over four thousand miles in six days, and when he next put in an appearance there was a Mrs. Fraser. You never know what Fraser will be up to next.

WHO KILLED WOOLF JOEL?

There was concluded at Johannesburg on Friday, July 29, one of the most remarkable trials, lasting eight days, ever known in South Africa. This was the trial of von Veltheim, a man who was charged with the murder of Mr. Woolf Joel, nephew of the late Mr. Barney Barnato, in the office of the Barnato firm in Johannesburg. The evidence showed that a number of threatening letters had been received by Mr. Solly Joel, a brother of Woolf Joel, in which the writer, who signed himself "Kismet," demanded sums varying from £12,000 to £8000 and £2000, promising to reveal certain information which would enable the Barnato firm to realise a profit of millions. The letters were brought under the notice of the Detective Department, and, as a result, a meeting was arranged between Mr. Woolf Joel, Mr. Harold Strange, one of the heads of departments in the Barnato firm, and von Veltheim. He insisted on seeing Mr. Joel on the morning of March 14, at the Barnato firm's office, and there, in Mr. Strange's private room, shots were suddenly heard, and, when the door was burst open, it was found that Mr. Woolf Joel had been shot dead by von Veltheim. Mr. Harold Strange, the only other person present in the room when the shooting took place, stated that the first shot was fired by von Veltheim, who had made certain proposals which Mr. Strange understood to have reference to a plot for upsetting the Transvaal Government. Mr. Joel and Mr. Strange had refused to have anything to do with this plot, and thereupon von Veltheim, Mr. Strange said, made the observation that the two men beside him knew too much, and would not leave the room alive. Thereupon, Mr. Strange said, von Veltheim fired at Mr. Joel. Von Veltheim's account of the tragedy was different. He said he had come to South Africa on the invitation of Mr. Barnato in connection with a plot by which, he said, it was intended to bring about such a state of affairs in connection with the franchise in the Transvaal as would enable "a Great Power" to intervene. He admitted having written the "Kismet" letters, but said he did so on behalf of a friend who had been ruined, or nearly ruined, by dealings in Barnato stocks.

Von Veltheim, severely pressed as to his antecedents, said that he was of German origin, that relations of his had estates in different parts of Germany and near Prague, but he would not admit that von Veltheim was his real name. He admitted having had certain relations with a Miss Yearsley in Australia, and that he had gone through a "mock marriage" with her for prudential reasons. They

parted at Sydney, he going to join the Stanley Expedition, at Zanzibar, for the relief of Emin Pasha, and she going to London. He missed the expedition, being eight weeks too late in reaching Zanzibar, and then he went to Capetown. From there he went to London, where he again joined Miss Yearsley, and he proceeded to New Orleans, where he was appointed manager at Santa Marta, in South America, for a steam shipping company. He remained at Santa Marta eight years, and, on his return to London, he admitted that he had entered into a second "mock marriage," this time with a Greek woman named Marie Marvocoordato, but he said this ceremony was gone through solely in order to enable the woman, who was a friend of his, to obtain certain sums of money. He admitted living at a watering-place on the South Coast of England with a lady who was rich, they passing as man and wife. It was after this sojourn in England that von Veltheim went to Capetown the second time. In the course of his adventurous career, he said he had been a soldier and had fought duels, that he was on the Bulgarian Prince's staff, under what name he would not state, in the war between Bulgaria and Serbia, and that he was wounded at the Battle of Tirnova. After the death of Mr. Barney Barnato, he joined the Bechuanaland Mounted Police. Von Veltheim's story with regard to the shooting was that, while discussing with Mr. Woolf Joel and Strange a proposal to obtain £200 or £300 to enable him to leave the same day for England, Strange fired at him with a derringer, but missed. The powder struck his face and dazed him. He (von Veltheim), who was an expert shot, immediately drew his own revolver, fired at Strange, but missed him, the latter ducking under a desk just in time, and that then he (von Veltheim) fired three shots at Joel and killed him. The jury, after an absence of only five minutes, returned with a verdict of not guilty, and an extraordinary scene was witnessed in court. Well-dressed ladies shook hands with von Veltheim, there was cheering and waving of hats, and outside he was treated to champagne.

VON VELTHEIM, WHO SHOT WOOLF JOEL.
Photo by Darnet, Johannesburg.

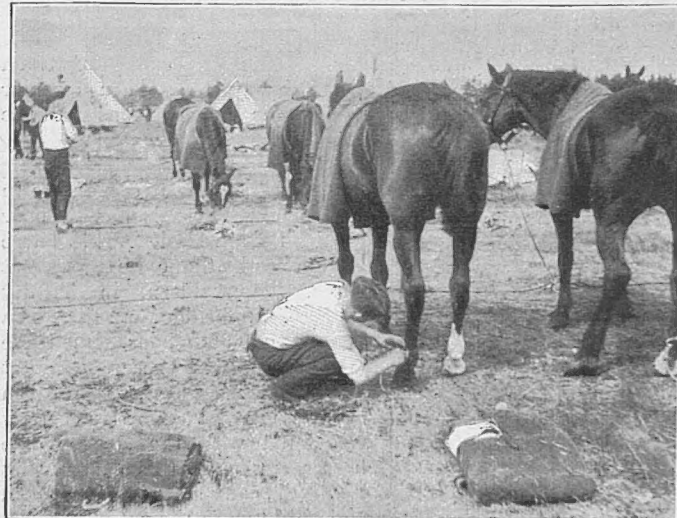
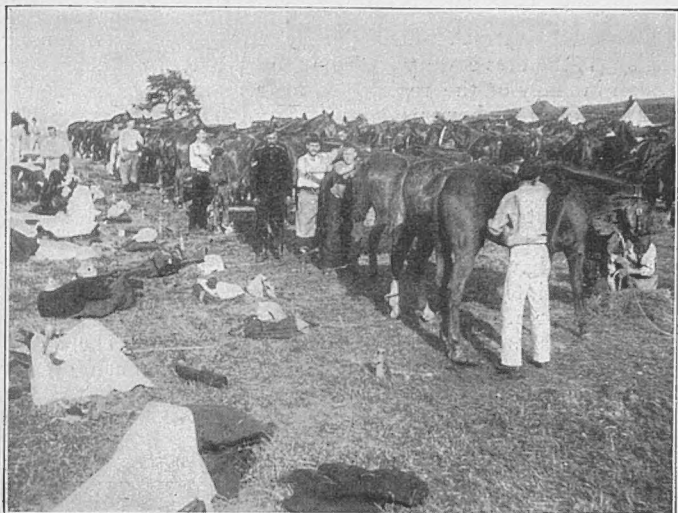
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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The manœuvres on Salisbury Plain have attracted crowds of fashionable people, who have taken all sorts of houses in the neighbourhood. It is interesting to watch the lines of cavalry horses and the way they are tethered, by the halter and by one of the hind legs. This system was

businesses in London, with the whole of the existing staff, have left the delightful, rambling, old-world premises for the new palace of the Macmillans, and the name of Bentley, as far as new publications are concerned, disappears for ever, I believe, from the world of letters.



HOW A CAVALRY HORSE IS TETHERED.
Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.

introduced after one year's manœuvres when there was a stampede among the horses of a regiment. A rabbit, it is believed, scampered through the lines, and in an instant a panic ensued among the horses. They careered over the country during the night, and one or two of them were killed. The rest galloped for miles.

These pictures tell their own story of ruin. "Where are the galleons of Spain?" Here is the answer, for the *Reina Christina* is but a floating hulk of iron, rusting in idleness, while the ramparts at Sangler Point, Cavite, are in ruins. These six-inch guns were the first and last to fire at the American fleet. It was only when all the big guns of the *Olympia* and *Baltimore* were directed on this battery that they could be silenced. They continued to fire after all the Spanish ships had been destroyed.

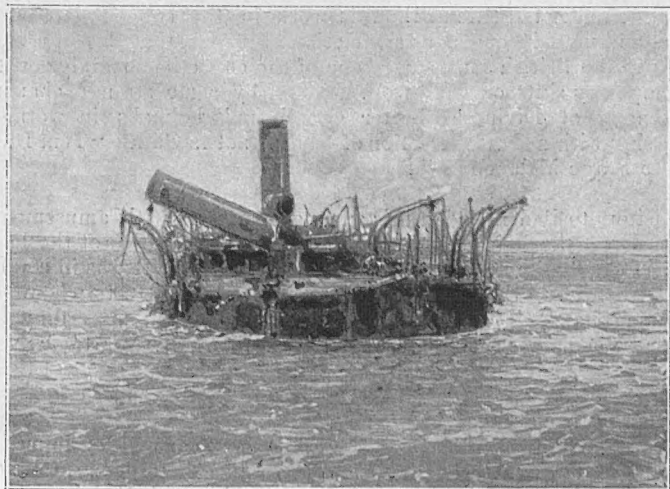
From 8, New Burlington Street, the glory has departed, and the premises which for nearly three-quarters of a century have been associated with the fortunes of the historic house of Bentley are empty, swept, and garnished. The piles of literature that represent the stock-in-trade of one of the oldest publishing

Mr. Richard Bentley, the sole partner, and the grandson of the first Richard and only son of Mr. George Bentley, whose charming personality must for ever be associated in the minds of those who knew him with his own special sanctum, with its interesting literary surroundings, in the New Burlington Street House, gives up, I understand, all business work, with the exception of the editorship of *Temple Bar*, and will retire to his delightful country seat, Upton, Slough, after an active life of some five-and-twenty years. With him, I am informed, will go those many delightful mementoes of the literary giants of a former generation which made the historic building so supremely interesting. It is impossible not to regret the disappearance of a business with which such names as Barham, Dickens, Cruikshank, Ainsworth, and Albert Smith are connected.

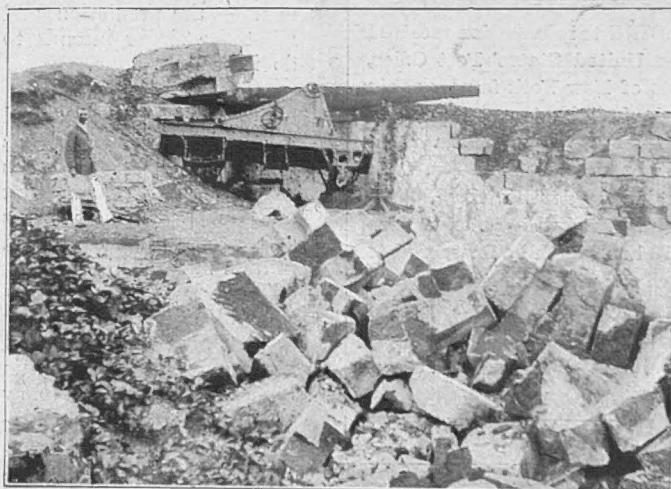
The last of Furnival's Inn—it's a melancholy sight, for the old place had a charm of its own in striking contrast to the bustling street outside. The Inn has been taken down to make room for the buildings of the Prudential Insurance Company, which when completed will occupy the space from Brook Street to Leather Lane, extending back to Greville Street.



THE LAST OF FURNIVAL'S INN.

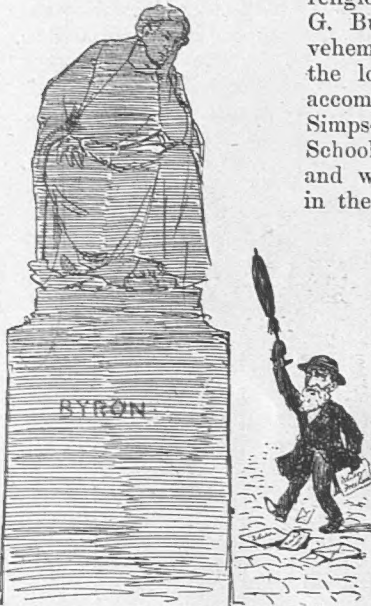


ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE SPANISH FLAGSHIP, THE
"REINA CHRISTINA."



THIS SPANISH GUN WAS FIRED ON THE AMERICAN FLEET,
WITH THE RESULT YOU SEE.

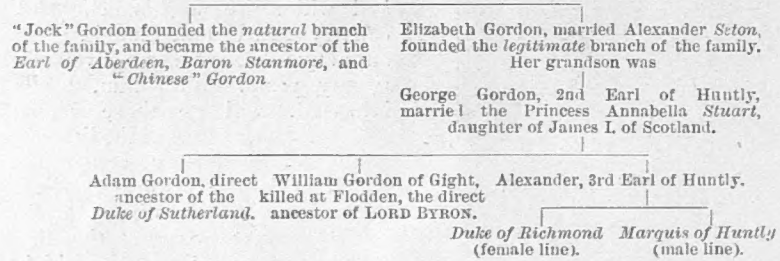
Most people, I find, regard the much-discussed city of Aberdeen as the very home of everything that is "canny" and strict in the religious sense. The Granite City, in fact, was everything that Byron was *not*. Hence the movement which is afoot to erect a statue of the poet in the "Northern city cold" is an instructive proof that the "Byron boom" has a real basis. True, the most religious laird in Aberdeenshire, Mr. Alex. G. Burnett of Kemnay, has entered a vehement protest against the scheme, as the local caricaturist has depicted in the accompanying picture, but Mr. Morland Simpson, the Headmaster of the Grammar School of Aberdeen which Byron attended, and which Mr. Simpson recently described in these pages, has just issued a circular asking for subscriptions for the scheme.



A CALVINISTIC SCOT WHO OBJECTS TO A STATUE OF BYRON.
Reproduced by Permission from "Bon Accord."


Several statues of Byron are in existence. There is a very poor one by Belt in Hyde Park. There is an excellent one by the great Dane, Thorwaldsen, in Trinity College, Cambridge, and there is a striking one at Athens. But there is no reason why there should not be one in Aberdeen, which, by a curious irony, is more intimately connected with the statue trade than any town in this country, but hardly has any statues of its own, and only two in the native granite. There is the perpetual Burns statue, and one of Wallace. There is one of "Chinese" Gordon, while three other Gordons, a Roman Catholic priest, a philanthropic miser, and a duke who was the last of his line are represented in statuary. The Gordons, scattered as they are over the world, should rally to Mr. Morland Simpson, who has got promises of support from the Duke of Fife, Lord Rosebery, Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, and many other distinguished people. Let me show you the Byron niche in the great house of Gordon—

The Laird of Gourdon (in Berwickshire), who was possibly of French origin, fell at the Battle of the Standard, 1138. Most of his descendants migrated north, and resolved themselves ten generations later into



The Postmaster-General's most recent despatch explains itself. The war is over, and civilisation, in the shape of the Post Office, is standing at attention again. That is all.

No. 32.



CORRESPONDENCE

FOR

CUBA

ACCORDING to information received from the United States' Post Office, the route of New York is now again available for the transmission of correspondence to Cuba. In these circumstances all letters &c. from the United Kingdom for that Island, not specially marked to be sent otherwise, will henceforth be forwarded to New York by the British Packets leaving Queenstown every Thursday and Sunday.

By Command of the Postmaster General.

GENERAL POST OFFICE,
21st August 1898.

Printed for H.M. Stationery Office by W. F. Gowers & Sons, Ltd., Prince's Square, Old Bailey, E.C.

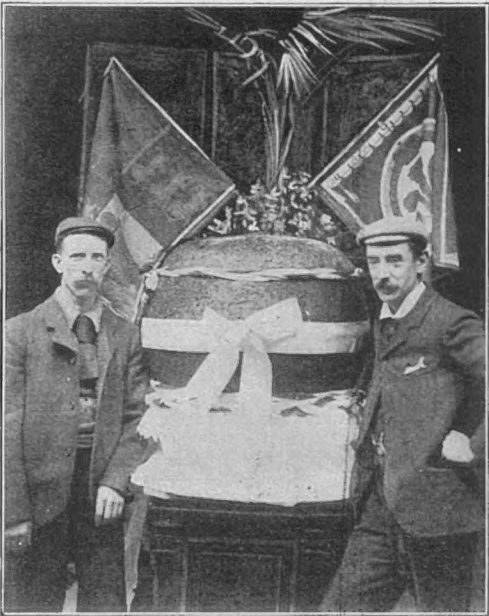
Imperial Service troops, native Reserves, European and Eurasian Volunteers, Frontier Levies, and Military Police, the native Army of

India numbers no less than 220,000 men. There are more than 180,000 men at home of the Regulars and Reserve, yet we can put but two Army Corps and a Cavalry Division in the field for a Continental war. The number of officers and men paid out of the Imperial Exchequer is about 585,000, and the sum disbursed yearly is a little over £23,000,000. The Regular Tommy costs the country £83.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of the 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards being permitted to wear on their tunic-collars the Double Eagle of Austria, in honour of the Emperor of Austria, who is the Colonel-in-Chief of the "K D G.'s." In accordance with the Emperor's desire, these badges were worn for the first time on his Majesty's birthday. Although all infantry regiments wear badges on their collars, the "King's" is the first cavalry regiment to have this distinction granted it, though in many of the regiments the regimental badge is worn on the sleeve above the chevrons by non-commissioned officers. Thus the Scots Greys wear the French Eagle for their gallantry at Waterloo, and the Irish regiments bear the Harp and Crown, and so on.

After the outcry about the youthfulness and physical weakness of our soldiers, it is pleasant to read of the manner in which the troops on Salisbury Plain have acquitted themselves, very few men having fallen out, despite the intense heat. Indeed, after having been under arms for five hours on one of the hottest days, it is recorded that the men marched as though the day's work was "only about to begin." The same holds good in the Soudan, where the heat is, of course, much greater, and where one Tommy, mopping his brow, remarked, "This ain't no bloomin' picnic!" Then, too, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who have just arrived at Cairo from Crete, report that, though they found the island somewhat dull, during their stay under canvas for sixteen months not one case of serious illness occurred in the whole battalion of nearly a thousand men. Yet they consider their quarters in Cairo a great improvement on Candia.

I am glad that Paignton has revived its famous plum-pudding. The first pudding seems to have been made in 1817, and weighed about 700 lb. In 1859 another pudding, weighing 2100 lb., was cooked, and only the other day the custom was revived, when a pudding was distributed at a church bazaar. It was one of the smallest in the annals of Paignton puddings, but it stood over four feet high and weighed over 250 lb. Four ladies cooked it, and boiled it in sections, putting it together afterwards. It comprised 52 lb. of currants, 52 lb. of raisins, 52 lb. of flour, 24½ lb. of bread-crumbs, 9 lb. of peel, 72 eggs, 27 lb. of sugar, and 2 lb. of spice.



THE PAIGNTON MONSTER PUDDING.

The recent discovery of books buried among books in Bristol City Library reminds one of other curious collocations of literary matter which from time to time come under one's own observation. The point regarding part of the Bristol discovery is that complete books have been discovered bound up with others, the whole budget being entered in the catalogue under the title of the first work in the collection only. The oddest and most incongruous association of books that I can remember occurs in the British Museum, in one of the collections mainly devoted to contemporary skits on Cromwell. There, by some strange chance, the "Assembly of Divines' Shorter Catechism" hobnobs in worm-eaten fellowship with a chaste selection of—tell it not in Gath—"Tom Durfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy"!

Visitors to Baden-Baden this summer may read with amusement and with interest the delightfully fresh and free account of life at the Baths in 1416 left us by the distinguished Humanist Poggio. It was in a vacation which he owed to the deposition of Pope John XXII., to whom he was secretary, that Poggio visited this watering-place, and, according to his account, the manners and customs were remarkable for their freedom and for their absence of delicacy. His wonder was great at the trust placed in their sweethearts and wives by the Germans of that day. The admixture grave and gay in life may be shown by the fact that the date of this letter of Poggio is settled by its having been written immediately before the final trial of Jerome of Prague before the Council of Constance. A manuscript letter of Poggio to Lionardo Aretino concludes with the words: "Good-bye, most wise Lionardo, Constance, III. Kal. Jan., the day on which Jerome has paid the penalty."

What is the highest inn in England? Quite recently I stated that it was the Cat and Fiddle, situated on Buxton Moors, on the top of a hill the summit of which is 1690 feet above sea-level. Mr. J. Walker of Northallerton now informs me that the highest inn is the King's Pit at Tanhill, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, situated on the moors between



THIS IS THE HIGHEST INN IN ENGLAND, 1727 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

Swaledale and Arkengarthdale. The height of this inn above sea-level is 1727 feet, a fact which can be proved beyond a doubt by referring to the ordnance map, as the ordnance surveyors have very considerably placed a bench-mark on the front wall of the building. By the way, I am told that the Fighting Cocks Inn, near St. Albans, which I illustrate, is the oldest inhabited house in England.

The pretty little village of Welwyn, Herts, once celebrated for its chalybeate water, and remembered for its connection with Dr. Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," was the scene of an alarming fire the other evening. About six o'clock, Mr. Foster, the station-master at Welwyn, observed huge flames issuing from Blow's Bee-Factory, a large block of buildings situated within a few yards of the station premises and adjoining the Great Northern Railway Company's main line. The flames spread with extraordinary rapidity, and eventually swept across the whole of the main lines. Perceiving the extreme danger to the many goods and passenger trains which pass in close proximity, Mr. Foster obtained the services of a special gang of linesmen to superintend the telegraphic communication, and almost before they arrived the telegraph wires were gradually melted by the intense heat from the flames, and fell to the ground. So fierce did the fire rage, in consequence of the inflammable nature of the buildings and contents, that within twenty-five minutes the large wooden factory was burnt to the ground, while a couple of railway telegraph-poles on the embankment blazed like matchwood, until the top portions, bearing the numerous wires, fell below; and four cottages were also destroyed. When the fire was at its height, the Scotch express was due to pass, but, as the lines were then enveloped in flames, the train had to be stopped for a quarter of an hour. A number of other important trains were stopped. Eventually they were allowed to proceed, but, owing to the intense heat, the passengers were compelled to pull up the carriage windows and beat a hasty retreat to the opposite side of the compartment. A large quantity of machinery, together with engines and eight tons of honey, was destroyed, while many hives of bees were cremated. An adjacent fruit-garden also suffered considerably, no less than five rows of apple-trees being roasted. The firemen's efforts were greatly impeded by a scarcity of water, and, while they were battling



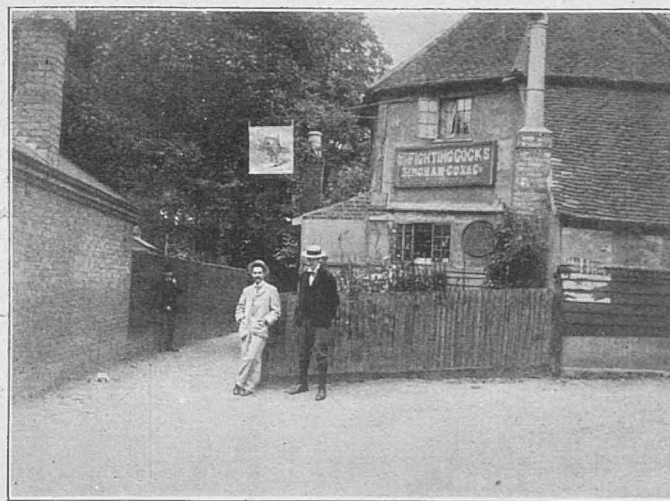
THE BURNING OF A BEE-FACTORY.
Photo by S. Glendening.

as best they could with the flames, they were confronted with swarms of bees, but luckily no one was seriously stung.

The wrong-headedness of some distinguished literary men in France over the Dreyfus affair is pleasantly illustrated by M. Huysmans. He says the Jews are using M. Zola as a tool to bring about civil war in France. He thinks Esterhazy is a scoundrel, but Dreyfus is "not much better." If M. Huysmans would give to the study of this case an infinitesimal part of the care he gives to the elaboration of a chapter in a novel, he might be in position to criticise Zola instead of showing this random levity. It is impossible to respect the intelligence of any man who talks this rubbish about the Jews and civil war. Precisely the same thing is said of the French Protestants, especially the Protestants from Alsace. Everybody who dares to blame the heads of the Army, who are mostly fools of the Paty de Clam type, is set down as a traitor. Now Zola happens to possess a sense of justice, a thorough knowledge of the Dreyfus case, and a splendid public spirit. M. Huysmans has none of these qualifications, and so he allows himself to become a tool of the Clerical faction, and especially of that pompous bigot, M. Ferdinand Brunetiere.

What is the probable condition of a Dutch herring sent by post from Holland to Switzerland when it reaches its destination? The Queen of Holland received this token of loyalty from a devoted subject, a fisherman, doubtless, and ate it. She did not hesitate—there was no time to be lost—but applied herself at once to the discharge of public duty. This shows a rapid judgment and an intrepid spirit, and augurs well for the prosperity of Holland during the reign of Queen Wilhelmina. I wonder whether our gracious Sovereign has ever received herrings or other edible proofs of humble attachment. Perhaps saveloys from the East-End graced the Queen's table at Jubilee time.

French philosophy finds wherewith to be gay even in torrid weather. Seated in front of some café, the Parisian looks over his glass, across the



THE OLDEST INHABITED HOUSE IN ENGLAND.

steaming heat of the pavement, quizzically at the knots of strangers that, in this vacation time, piloted by guides, stop at each interesting street-corner and before every celebrated monument, and easy epigrams roll off his tongue at their expense. But sometimes his railery is turned against himself, and here is very nearly the confidence one of them made to a Paris journalist the other day.

"See, now, how inconsistent we are," he said. "We accumulate art treasures, and all the world comes to Paris to see them, and we Parisians that live beside them ignore these treasures completely. We pass years without going into a museum. From time to time we read in an English review that the Cluny has been enriched by some new object, or we hear by way of St. Petersburg that there is no doubt about the authenticity of the crown of Sainteophernes in the Louvre; and this is the way we know that we have these things, for we Parisians that have had the taste to collect them never go to see them. Why? Because it is too easy; because they are not at Amsterdam or Madrid; because no one has yet thought to organise in Paris a society whose programme should be to show Paris to the Parisians.

"We ridicule Cook, that man of genius. We mock at the strange caravans of men in casquettes and women with guide-books, that stop before the Louvre, that wander among the tombstones of Père Lachaise, and in the salles of Carnavalet, and we are wrong." The Parisian stopped for an idea, and then added: "You are a journalist, my friend. Suggest to some capitalist that does not know how to invest his money the idea of founding a society whose object shall be to provide Parisians intelligent excursions in Paris. We should put on white linen casquettes, carry guide-books, and smoke pipes in excursion-wagons; and after eight or ten days of this sort of vacation, we should necessarily perceive that the city we live in is full of beauties we have never seen. Believe me, there are millions in it." And the Parisian looked idly after a party being "conducted" towards the pavilion of Flora, and was soon lost in the blue smoke of his cigarette.

My recent remarks upon the political import of the German Emperor's visit to Palestine sounded the first note of a small controversy. The *Spectator* devoted a leading article to the subject three days later, the *Pall Mall Gazette* tried to make out there was no case, and the *Jewish World* sees in the Kaiser's action some move towards the solution of the Zionist question. Whether one or the other is right, there is little reason to doubt that French and Russian opinion has been deeply moved by the arrangements that tend to an extension of German interests, and there are many signs that the matter has more than a political basis. "My master could plunge all Europe into war by withdrawing the guard from the Holy Places." This boast of the Turkish diplomat was one of the single remarks that go down from year to year fraught with an ever-increasing significance, and when one of the European sovereigns travels to Jerusalem with a preliminary flourish of trumpets that is heard all over Europe, it is only to be expected that the echoes will be many and various. Perhaps nothing is to come of this visit, but it is well to remember that a very small accident, with which Germany was concerned, led directly to the establishment of the present Chinese imbroglio. In the meantime, interested parties look on askance, and the heads of European religions will not let their long-expected chance slip by.

To "take the gilt off the gingerbread" is one of those familiar expressions which have remained in popular use and acquired a definite significance in spite of the fact that their origin is forgotten. The accompanying picture represents an example of the kind of gingerbread cake, partially gilt, from which this expression arose. It is shaped as a horn-book, with the alphabet in relief.



"THE GILT OFF THE GINGERBREAD."

Empire-building exploits of the South Pacific, which New Zealanders have just celebrated when Lord Ranfurly, the Governor, unveiled an obelisk at Akaroa. British sovereignty over the North and South Islands had been proclaimed, but the British flag had not been hoisted on South Island, with the result that France intended to assert her pretensions. News reached Captain Hobson, the Governor of New Zealand, that the French were on their way to seize South Island, and he immediately communicated with Captain Stanley, of H.M.S. *Britomart*. In all haste, and in spite of foul weather, this gallant naval officer set sail. It was a race for Empire, and the British won, the Union Jack being hoisted at Akaroa before the French mission arrived in the harbour. The French had laid their plans so well and were so certain of success that they brought a large number of emigrants with them to settle on the island. Though the French officer had to take his flag home again, the emigrants remained. Such acts as these deserve to be remembered. The days of flag-hoisting expeditions are not passed, as we were reminded the other day when the officers of H.M.S. *Mohawk* set up the British flag on the Santa Cruz and Duff Islands.

An interesting light on the *Tourmaline* incident comes to me from one of the crew, who writes from a London Sailors' Home. Last December, he tells me, he joined the steam-yacht *Tourmaline*, believing that he shipped for a yachting cruise. To his surprise, however, he found after a week or two on board that he had, to quote his own phrase, "been had." The vessel first sailed to Antwerp, and took on board some "cases," after which she sailed for the Canary Islands. Having coaled there, the *Tourmaline* then proceeded to the coast of Africa. The captain ordered my correspondent ashore in the boat. Two of the boat's crew landed, the rest returning to the yacht. For a week, rough

weather and heavy surf prevented all further attempts at landing, and when at length the *Tourmaline* tried to communicate with the two men on shore, a steamer belonging to the Sultan of Morocco pounced down and prevented it. The enemy then lowered three boats, manned by about eighty armed men all told, and tried to capture the *Tourmaline*, which beat them off. This continued for a week or so, until one morning the yacht steamed away again. My correspondent was once more ordered ashore in the boat. As he and his crew landed, they were set upon by forty or fifty "savages," who stripped them of everything of value. They put a rifle to my friend's head, and marched the prisoners to the mountains. At night, the captors fought among themselves as to who should have possession of the prisoners next day. In the morning they dragged the captives from the filthy black hole where they were confined and brought them before "a gentleman named Kaid Giluly" (there is a curiously Hibernian flavour about the title), who at once put the party in heavy irons, chaining the prisoners together by the neck, so that if one moved all must move. Nor was this the end of their woes.



ONE OF THE "TOURMALINE'S" CREW.

Photo by Caville, Tangier.

"On the march," the narrative continues, "we were chained around the legs and put on camels, and the Moors used to throw sticks and stones at us in our helpless condition." The prisoners were starved, and were once kept for forty-nine hours without water. For three months they were not permitted to walk. After six months of this inhuman captivity, they were handed over to the British Government at Tangier, and immediately prosecuted for smuggling arms and ammunition into Morocco. Guns were landed, my correspondent says, from the *Tourmaline*, but not by him or his companions. Finally, he says, "If the British Government doesn't demand an indemnity I shall feel inclined to turn an American." The powers that be should look to it, lest we lose a sturdy citizen.

Daniel Hammill is a pit-lad at Irvine, Ayrshire. One evening recently, walking home wet and tired after his day's work at the Bogside Pit, he saw a little girl fall into the river. With great promptitude the little pit-lad rushed down to the bank and plunged into the swollen river. Swimming into midstream, he clutched hold of the child and succeeded in bringing her to the bank. I understand that subscriptions are being invited on behalf of the plucky boy, who is the son of a miner.



A PIT-BOY WHO SAVED THE LIFE OF A LITTLE GIRL.

Photo by Patterson, Irvine.

James Grant Ogilvie-Grant, eleventh Earl of Seafield, who succeeded his father in the title in 1888, when in his twelfth year, was married a short time ago to Miss Townend, daughter of a medical man in Christchurch, New Zealand. The young Earl, who is titular head of the Grants, Colquhouns, and Ogilvies, pursues, in the land of his adoption, the same occupation as his father, cultivating yearly an increasing number of acres as well as adding to his possessions as a sheep-farmer. The Earl and Countess, on the expiration of a short honeymoon at the Antipodes, are coming to England, where they will stay for a considerable time.

It is not at all unlikely that St. Kilda will, in the near future, become a

popular holiday resort. During the present summer there have been several trips to the lone Hebridean isle. For a considerable time past, Mr. Fiddes, the minister of St. Kilda, has urged the need of a harbour on the island, and it is probable that before another season comes round a suitable pier for the landing of passengers will be erected. The long summer day enjoyed by the St. Kildans is in itself an attraction to a Southron.

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This is an African cook from Zanzibar of the type engaged for safari work, and a tame lion-cub. The cub was obtained from near the Athi River, not far from Machakos, in the British East Africa Protectorate, some 260 miles from Mombasa. It was kept for some time by the district officer of Kitui, and then sent to the engineer in charge of the Kibwezi division of the Uganda Railway. At this place, the centre of activity for native labourers, and in a household presided over by the wife of the engineer, the cub was a domestic pet. It was never chained up, but allowed to roam about the house and grounds like an ordinary cat. The other pets were a tame wild-cat, an ape, an English fox-terrier, and a black-and-tan with four puppies, in addition to the ordinary accompaniments of an Englishman's household—cocks and hens, goats, sheep, &c. The lion-cub roamed and romped among these at will. Its food consisted of a goat, properly killed, cleaned, and boiled daily for its use. A novel sight was to see the cook prepare its food, with the cub lying between his legs during the operation, never attempting to touch either the blood or the carcase, whereas the dogs and fowls were busily engaged scavenging around him. At this time Mtoto, to which name the cub answered, was about five months old. Finally, on the engineer going to the coast on leave of absence, Mtoto was brought to Mombasa, the first part of the journey by bullock-cart and the latter 160 miles by train. Through the courtesy of the chief engineer, on arriving at Mombasa, the photograph was taken before the cub was handed to the shipping agents to be forwarded to the Zoological Gardens in London.

In connection with the autobiographic work at present engaging the attention of the Duke of Argyll, it is interesting to learn that it is in Inveraray Castle, the Duke's Scottish home, where most of his literary work has been accomplished. The grounds of the castle possess various features of interest, not the least being the Gled Gun, as it is called—an Armada cannon, on which is carved the fleur-de-lis of Francis I., recovered from the *Florida*, one of the Spanish ships blown up in Tobermory Bay. A number of chestnut and other trees furnish evidence of the distinguished visitors who at various times have been the guests of the ducal family. On the occasion of the Queen's visit a cedar-tree was planted. In 1857 Tennyson planted a Spanish chestnut, as did Sir John Lawrence in 1860, Dr. Guthrie in 1863, Dr. Livingstone in 1864, and Mr. Gladstone in 1865. James Russell Lowell, on the occasion of his visit to Inveraray in 1880, chose a silver fir as a memento.

The town of Inveraray was erected into a royal burgh by a charter from Charles I., dated at Carisbrooke Castle, Jan. 28, 1648, and the present castle was built by Adams for Archibald Campbell, brother of the celebrated Duke John, in 1751. A fire having destroyed the central tower in 1877, considerable additions were made, in the rebuilding of this, to the castle itself, the chief feature of which is the great central hall, with its unique collection of representative firearms. The library contains a number of valuable and rare parchment volumes, an autograph manuscript of Scott, the original manuscript of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," and Burns' song, "Sae mony braw Jockies and Jennies." The portion of the castle assigned for his Grace's studies is called the Duke's Turret, and here he has written most of his books and painted a number of the pictures—a notable one being a view of

Loch Fyne—scattered throughout the castle. Of the Duke of Argyll's published works, which, including pamphlets and review articles, number over a hundred, "Scotland as it Was and Is," issued in 1890, is the most popular.

Inverness has other claims to distinction than that merely of being the capital of the Highlands. The purest English, for instance, is said to be spoken there, and the Invernessians are proud of the reputation they have acquired in this respect; it is the headquarters of the Highland Railway Company, and it is the chief centre in the North of Scotland, at this time of the year, whence sportsman and tourist proceed—the one to the moors and forests, the other on a sight-seeing quest in the northern portion of the kingdom. Its Castlehill—on the summit of which are located the law courts and prison—and its river, broad and swift-flowing alike, give distinction to the Highland capital; the Ness, dividing the town, and at full tide a fine expanse of water, is suggestive, indeed, of London's great river from the Embankment. The Free

Library of Inverness may be regarded as in one respect unique, containing as the most conspicuous feature of its reading-room a huge brass-clasped Bible, the title-page of which is thus inscribed: "Presented to the Inverness Public Library by Councillor William Gunn, Inverness, May 18, 1891." Though the town is devoid of statues, its Council seems still unable, after mature consideration of the matter, to fix on a site for the Flora Macdonald memorial.

Tomintoul, reputed to be the highest village in Scotland, is a very different place now from what it was thirty years ago, when the Queen passed through the village and described it in her Journal in terms the reverse of complimentary. Not far from Tomintoul, which still maintains its old-world seclusion, being fifteen miles from a railway station, is situated the famous Glenlivet Distillery. Several distilleries in the North have assumed the name "Glenlivet," though it is only one distillery that possesses the legal right to use as a designation the "real Glenlivet." Five years ago there were in the district some eight concerns, now these number fifteen, while four new distilleries are in course of erection. By the end of the year the produce

of Glenlivet whisky will amount to eight and a-half million gallons, compared with two and a-half millions five years ago, and the works will number forty-six instead of twenty-one. Though Tomintoul may not be an ideal holiday resort for the temperance reformer, it possesses not a few features of attraction, not the least of which is its isolation and the perfect freedom it offers to the sojourner within its borders.

Drunkenness having made alarming strides in New Zealand, it has been resolved to call in the aid of photography to put it down. In future, anyone who may be condemned on a charge of being drunk and disorderly will have to have his photograph taken, at his own expense, and distribute it among all inn-keepers, bar-keepers, &c. The idea is that publicans will then be able to refuse to serve anyone whose portrait appears in this original gallery; but when the law has been in force for a few months, it is probable that the collection of photographs will be rather unwieldy, and, if a customer has to wait until the landlord can be satisfied that his photograph is not there, he is likely to remain thirsty for a long time. The photographers, however, ought to drive a roaring trade.



A TAME LION-CUB.
Photo by Rayne, Maldon.

Another Alpine virgin peak, that of Gornergrat, has been vanquished by the engineer. The Gornergrat, near Zermatt, is an elevated ridge rising between the Findelen and Gorner Glaciers to a height of over ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. It has an unrivalled view, and the mule-path that leads to the summit renders it accessible to the laziest and least athletic. The railway used to stop at Zermatt, and thence the



THE NEW RAILWAY IN THE ZERMATT VALLEY.

Photo by Mr. W. H. Hazell.

traveller had to go on foot or by mule to the summit, a tramp of some five hours. The railway which was opened last week will perform the journey in about an hour and a-half. It has a one-mètre gauge. It rises by a gradient of about one in five to a point just beneath the Ryffelalp Hotel, where, in a semicircular tunnel only two hundred yards long, the train completely reverses its direction and returns towards the Findelen Valley. The Ryffelalp station overlooks this valley, and the line, after passing another tunnel, turns south again towards the Ryffelberg Hotel, where there is another station. The trains are driven by electricity generated from the torrent that flows from the Findelen Glacier. The line is considerably higher than any in Switzerland, the Rigi being only a little more than half the height of the Gornergrat.

In proportion to its size, Switzerland has far and away more inns than any other country in the world. Indeed, the entertainment of tourists has become the chief industry of this hospitable land—hospitable, that is, to paying guests. It now contains no less than 1700 hostelryes, stationed for the most part on the tops of mountains or by the side of glaciers. Their receipts amount to some five millions sterling per annum, and, when we take into account the many millions more which go into the pockets of other contributors to the entertainment of tourists, we are driven to the conclusion that barren peaks and glaciers are, after all, more profitable than the most fertile plains and valleys in the world.

The Sirdar and the men with him are not the only people who know all about the old ruffian they are hoping to catch at Omdurman. Thanks to Father Ohrwalder and Slatin Pasha, the general public has a picture of the man who has out-Neroed Nero. When the picture is studied, one is surprised to think the natives have submitted to his monstrous rule without some definite attempts at assassination. Khalifa Abdullahi has none of the personal charm that distinguished his predecessor, the Mahdi. From what Ohrwalder and Slatin have told us, he has never enjoyed popularity or the confidence of his people, while his treatment of the Batakin and Jaalin tribes should have roused every man with a spark of feeling to put a period to the tyrant's progress. It would seem as though the famine of a few years back took all the heart out of the people. Most of us who have kept ourselves in touch with developments since the death of Gordon would give a great deal to witness the meeting between Slatin Pasha and the Khalifa. When it is over, I hope the Sirdar will at once hang Abdullahi from the highest gallows in Omdurman. To keep such a creature alive would be a crime. If ever a man deserved the Gilbertian doom of a death-sentence, "something

slow, with boiling oil in it," Abdullahi is that man, and, though the eye-for-eye, tooth-for-tooth method cannot be enforced—and, indeed, Abdullahi has not enough limbs and organs to meet it—he ought not to live twenty-four hours after capture. Court-martial should be good enough for him, and the route of the invading army has proved an eloquent though speechless witness for the prosecution.

Would you like a theatrical gossip paragraph *à la mode*? Sir Henry Irving has been playing golf at Cromer, and everybody has treated this as another proof of the fascination of that game for young and old. But the really penetrating critic of Sir Henry's character and policy knows better. He knows that the manager of the Lyceum never does anything without a motive. Why should Irving play golf just when his mind is full of "Richard II.," and he is casting about for novel and interesting accessories? I will tell you. He remembered that golf is, in ceremonial language, always described as the royal and ancient game. Richard is royal and ancient. Why should he not play golf at Pontefract? Some very old golf-sticks were discovered last week and described in print. Sir Henry sent for them at once, and has had a set made from this pattern. So, with a golf-stick over his shoulder, Richard will make his most original and effective entrance on the Lyceum stage. Caddies of the period will be introduced, and certain lines in the play, showing Shakspeare's interest in golf—lines which have hitherto escaped the attention of editors—will receive startling prominence and illustration. Now in all this there is not a word of fact, I assure you; but I am none the less surprised that something like it has not appeared in the theatrical gossip of the *Daily Mail*.

The King of Annam has had an original idea in the way of a strong-box. He has the trunks of trees hollowed out, filled with gold and silver, and flung into his private lake, where a large staff of crocodiles is maintained to warn off intruders. This sounds rather like one of those children's money-boxes which have a hole for the receipt of savings, but no opening for their withdrawal. What will he do when he wants to spend his savings, say, for a war indemnity? There will assuredly be many tears shed by the wardens of his treasury before he is allowed to withdraw a single coin.

The proposal to make a light railway through the Pass of Aberglaslyn has sent a thrill of horror through all lovers of Welsh scenery. Whether it would really work the havoc anticipated would depend on the way the



THE PASS OF ABERGLASLYN.

line was built. There is a railway through the Pass of Killiecrankie, in Perthshire, that has in no way disfigured the view, while it has made it accessible to hundreds of thousands who could never have seen it had there been no Highland Railway. Everyone who has travelled through North Wales remembers the Pass of Aberglaslyn.

A very fashionable wedding was celebrated on April 18 in Ceylon, when the Bishop of Colombo, assisted by the Rev. Abraham Dias, united Don Solomon Dias Bandaranayaka, the Maha Mudaliyar, and Miss Daisy Ezline Obeyesekera, daughter of Mr. S. C. Obeyesekera, of Hill Castle, Colombo. The ceremony took place at Christ Church, Colombo, in the presence of a large and brilliant assemblage of Ceylonese and Europeans. As the newly wedded pair returned from church, a very peculiar ceremony, called "Coronchy," a survival of Dutch times, was observed. At the entrance to the bride's father's residence a beautiful porch was prepared, underneath which the bride took her seat on an ancient, curiously carved chair, while her sister, the chief bridesmaid, crowned her with a crown of seven roses, also an ancient heirloom, set with diamonds. While this pretty rite was in progress, the band, we read, played a selection from "The Shop-Girl." A reception followed, at which the cake, ten feet high, was cut by the bride, who used her husband's scimitar. The honeymoon was appropriately spent at Kandy.

bull's-eye lantern, and, by suddenly jerking away the pillows of the semi-defunct sleeping Celestials, and at the same moment flashing the light into their eyes so as to terrify them, induce some of the wretched creatures to quit this turbulent world sooner than they might otherwise have done.

I see it stated that a week or so ago, for a wager, a curiosity-dealer exhibited in his window in the Marylebone Road a number of coins, among which were certain genuine sovereigns, the tray containing this "London mixture" being ticketed, "These coins 15s. 6d. each; for a few days only"; but there were no buyers. I can well believe it. Did not a gentleman, for a wager, once stand for a whole day upon London Bridge with a tray full of sovereigns, fresh from the Mint, offering them to passers-by at the modest price of one penny each, and found not a single purchaser? That was in the palmy days of wagering, when all sorts of strange bets were made, and their results not infrequently were decided in the Law Courts.

In 1806 two gentlemen appeared in the Castle Yard at York to settle which could assume the more ridiculous appearance. One wore a costume decorated with bank-notes of various values, a purse of gold was on his hat, and his back was labelled "John Bull," while his opponent dressed one side of his person as a lady of quality, with silk stocking and painted face, and the other half as a negro, and thus presented a ridiculous-enough appearance. The moneyed competitor, however, received the award. On another occasion, George the Second's Master of the Revels, a marvel of ugliness, was pitted for that quality against all and sundry as unsurpassable, and, though London slums were ransacked and a truly hideous old woman was found, the Master of the Revels still bore away the bell. The subject might be illustrated by many another picturesque instance did space allow.



A CEYLON BRIDECAKE.

As everybody knows, the Chinese strongly object to being buried away from their native land, but it will be news, perhaps, to some readers that the aged Chinaman actually returns alive in order to die on his native heath. In the steerage of vessels bound from San Francisco to Shanghai you will find many aged and decrepit Chinese. They come from the Chinatown of San Francisco, most of them, and many never expect to see land again. The steamers contract to land them in China alive or dead, and those that die aboard are embalmed right away and carried on—they are never thrown overboard. The doctor, and, I believe, also the purser, receive five or ten dollars apiece for each Chinese so treated. I have, indeed, been told a yarn about a certain unscrupulous doctor whose commercial instinct used to prompt him to go round the Chinese steerage quarters at night with a bright



A CEYLON WEDDING PARTY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE COLOMBO APOTHECARIES' COMPANY, CEYLON.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A FLASH IN THE PAN.

BY KATHARINE SILVESTER.

The London train had just come in, producing the usual bustle and confusion, and mother and daughter stood on the platform exchanging the last words that could be spoken between them for three whole weeks.

"Oh, mother, I do so hate going!"

"And I'm so delighted to have you go!"

"I know you'll mope horribly when you're not receiving disciplinary visits from the 'aunties'! And you'll starve yourself as well! Your probable bloater or breakfast-egg will haunt me every time I sit down to my own sumptuous repasts!"

"You forget Mr. Burgess. I don't think he'd stand that sort of menu."

"Yes, I forgot Mr. Burgess. For once he has uses other than the financial one. He is certainly a warrant of the daily presence of roast meat. But they are shutting the doors. I must take my seat. Good-bye, darling; good-bye!" And, with a final kiss, she jumped into the carriage and leaned back, smiling at her mother with lips that trembled. The guard blew his whistle and waved his flag, and the train steamed slowly out of the station. Mrs. Cather stepped back and watched it disappear into the tunnelled hollow of the hills. Then, with a sigh, she turned to leave the station and walk home, a dreary goal enough now that Tina had really gone on that long-talked-of, often-deferred visit to her friend in London. Perhaps what most oppressed the mother was the thought that there would be no one now to laugh the tragedy out of the daily crosses imposed by a poverty forced to wear the guise of genteel abstinence. Foremost among these crosses was the presence in their household of Mr. Burgess, a paying guest, who was clerk at a local bank, and who added to the original offence of his existence a habit of coming home to lunch. But she at least could regard him from another point of view than that of exasperation, an advantage denied to the other members of her family who lived in the neighbourhood. These openly mourned over him as a blot in the family escutcheon, and considered him responsible for the fact that the county had hitherto shut its doors against them. They would gladly have made up between them the amount that represented his contribution to the expenses of the little household; but the suggestion of this alternative was met by Mrs. Cather with quite uncharacteristic fierceness. Her family had disapproved of her husband, and she felt that his widow and child should beg their bread by the roadside rather than be dependent on his detractors. And Tina's feeling in this went even beyond her own, although the girl could equally sympathise with the family annoyance. It was against their code that the women of the family should be amongst its bread-winners, but they would have infinitely preferred that Tina should have hired herself out as a governess in some good family. It was the consciousness of an inability arising from insufficient training to grant even this concession to family pride that made her accept with meekness her poor relation's share of snubs and scoldings, of back-seats and belated invitations. Asking little, expecting little, she was rather a favourite among them than otherwise; at least, when they forgot to be ashamed of her. The girls made her the recipient of their confidences, and availed themselves freely of her pretty gift of millinery. She doted on the babies, spending long hours in the family nurseries, and in the manufacture of dainty "woollies" for expected arrivals. What at the same time puzzled and slightly irritated them all, perhaps by the contrasts it suggested, was the passionate devotion that existed between Tina and her mother. In some mysterious way it came to be regarded as a bond uniting two conspirators.

It was Saturday afternoon, and, according to time-honoured custom, the aunts with attendant daughters had assembled in Grandmamma's drawing-room for purposes of tea and talk. The subject under discussion was Tina's visit to London.

"I cannot but think it ill-advised on Mary's part to have allowed Tina to accept the invitation," said Aunt Emily, with a stiff toss of her head. "It entails expenses they can ill afford. There's the return fare, and then, of course, she had to buy some new things."

"And I want to know what good she's to get from visiting among people so much above her in station," added Aunt Elizabeth (who would have rejoiced to have been in a position to talk of her own daughter as being on a visit in Lancaster Gate). "No one she's likely to meet there would think of marrying her."

"For the matter of that, I don't see a chance of poor Tina's ever marrying," put in another aunt, with a sigh. "Firstly, there's her position. What decent kind of man would marry a girl whose mother let lodgings? Then, in spite of her pretty figure, I don't think she's the sort to attract men, who want something more from a girl than the quality of adoring her mother." And she thought with triumph of her own bouncing Emmeline, between whom and herself there had been fierce warfare in the days preceding the former's creditable marriage with a wealthy brewer of the same county.

The matter continued to be talked of over family tea-tables during the weeks that followed, and always in the same strain. Meanwhile, Tina's mother sat at home in her Burgess-haunted loneliness and rejoiced that her darling was for once in a way getting her due share of cakes and ale. And, as is often the case, the unexpected happened.

One Saturday afternoon, Aunt Emily, on her return from visiting Mrs. Cather, burst excitedly into Grandmamma's drawing-room, where all the rest of the family were assembled.

"I have brought you some news. Tina is engaged to be married!"

There followed a clamour of question and exclamation, and by the time Aunt Emily had been made to empty her little budget the excitement reached fever-heat. Tina's *futur* was a Mr. Fuller-Jackson, from the Cape, a reputed millionaire. What perhaps impressed the family even more than that immense fact was his tolerably close connection with the Youls of Castle Tower, a neighbouring county family whose aristocratic doors had hitherto been severely closed to them all.

"I expect she'll be asked up there to dinner as soon as she comes home. Fancy little Tina hobnobbing with all those big-wigs!" laughed one of the cousins.

"Mary will have to get rid of the lodger," said Grandmamma exultantly. "That alone is worth a service of thanksgiving."

"She has had the sense to give him notice already," said Aunt Emily. "He will be gone by the time Mr. Fuller-Jackson arrives on the scene."

"And how does Mary take it?" asked someone else.

"She was sitting bolt upright when I went in," said Aunt Emily, "with Tina's letter in her hand, and a burning spot in each cheek. She told me the news in an off-hand sort of manner, and pretended to think there is nothing astounding in her Tina's making such a match."

"I shall give all the small silver," announced Grandmamma with a suddenness suggestive of Mr. F.'s Aunt. A little time ago, when there had been some talk about Tina and a master from the grammar-school, the old lady had been discovered rummaging in her plate-closet among banished and forgotten objects, with an eye to a possible need for a wedding gift. Of course, the present occasion called for a very different expression of grandmotherly goodwill.

"The stone that was rejected of the builders has become the chief corner-stone." These words rang in Tina's head as on the day of her return she made her appearance among them all at a dinner-party given in her honour—in *her* honour, who had never before been asked to any of the State banquets, except as a substitute for a defaulting guest. Mr. Fuller-Jackson did not accompany her, having had to go to the North on business, but it was understood he was to call on the family at the end of the week.

"There's nothing like an engagement for improving the complexion," remarked Grandmamma, examining her critically after a solemn embrace. Indeed, it was a new Tina who had descended among them, as different from the old as a substance from its shadow—a Tina who had been taught to deal becomingly with her pretty hair, and who had caught from Bond Street shop-windows some trick of cunning adjustment of draperies. It was as if the fires from the new ring she wore had flashed across her spirit also, for with head held erect, cheeks flushed, and eyes sparkling, she chatted ceaselessly in a high-pitched voice, with ripples of laughter breaking over her speech. A transformed Tina, about whom they all clustered agape, wondering, admiring, and smiling. After dinner, the young people wandered off to the billiard-room, and Tina went with them instead of remaining behind, as usual, to pick up the stitches of Grandmamma's knitting, or to play at piquet with one of the uncles. She took vigorous part in a game of pyramids, coming in winner amidst shouts of cousinly applause. She did not remember ever having so distinguished herself before, and regarded the fact as fresh evidence that her luck had really turned. Apart from the others the mother stood and watched, proud and smiling, yet wearing at times a puzzled look. Later in the evening, when, alone at home together, they kissed and clasped before separating for the night, Mrs. Cather whispered, "It's all right, isn't it darling, and you're really and truly happy?" "Of course I am," the girl answered gaily, dropping her lids a little as she gently disengaged herself. "I am enjoying myself immensely, and so must you. Only think! We're no longer the fly in the family ointment, dear; we're the choicest ingredient in the ointment itself. Our sins are wiped out—our transgressions will not be remembered. Henceforth, the name of Burgess will cease to call up the family skeleton. But I'm dead tired, and I'm going off to bed on the instant," and, giving her mother a final hug, she ran away to her room. The mother stood a minute or two where her daughter had left her, looking before her with eyes that held a deepening puzzle. Then she too went off to bed.

The family exultation knew no bounds when Saturday came, and with it Mr. Fuller-Jackson, satisfying expectation and allaying doubt. For the whispers of pessimism, suggesting the likelihood of specks in the garnered fruit that had fallen to Tina's share, had not been absent from the chorus of general rejoicing. Grandmamma pronounced him "a perfect gentleman," and the cousins went into raptures over the cut of his clothes. His attitude towards them all was held to be delightful. He appeared to include them collectively and individually in his process of wooing. What helped to produce this impression was the absence of emphasis in his relation with Tina, though it was uncertain on which side lay the responsibility of this. But there was no doubt about the diamonds. He scattered them among the ladies of the family with a liberal hand. Perhaps, had it not been for their dazzle, some eyes might



MISS EILY DESMOND.

She is Irish, and therefore an instinctive actress. The three years she spent with Mr. Edward Terry's company made her an adept in all sorts of comedy, especially Mr. Pinero's delightful plays. She toured America, playing the lead in "The Broken Melody." At the Adelphi, in "The Days of the Duke," she learned what melodrama meant. Recently she has been charming country people with her picture of Rosamund in "The Liars." She is now going to South Africa to play lead in Mr. George Edwardes' Comedy Company, notably in "The Dove-Cot." She is tall and handsome, and Mr. H. Walter Barnett, of Hyde Park Corner, has not exaggerated her good looks.

have discerned in Tina's affianced husband a pale, pompous, vapid little man, who needed every help from circumstances to avoid sinking into hopeless insignificance.

As it was, Fortune seemed to be smiling on mother and daughter as she had smiled on few. It was the morbidness born of past ill-luck, Mrs. Cather told herself, that saw a hint of mockery in the smile. So she resolutely gave the cold shoulder to some uncomfortable things in the back of her mind, and tried to consider her future son-in-law in the aspect only of what he symbolised. At the same time, she ceased looking into her daughter's eyes in search of enlightenment, choosing to direct her attention to the set of the latter's gown, and generally to a system of her appropriate decoration. This mood appeared to fit in with Tina's, who showed during their *tête-à-tête* at this period an almost frightened avoidance of any tendency in the conversation towards the sentimental.

The petting and fêting continued during the weeks that followed, and Tina rose higher than ever in the family good books. But she grew noticeably thinner, looking at times almost haggard.

"And no wonder," remarked someone. "Such a stroke of luck is enough to upset any woman."

"It's a good thing it's to be a short engagement," said another. "I understand Elizabeth's maid has already begun on the under-clothes."

"Yes," said Grandmamma, "for once Mary has thrown her abominable pride overboard. It's a family affair, and we shall all do our part. The child will, of course, be married from my house," she added, her prospective benevolence already rewarded by the thought of the glory accruing to her household by the probable presence at the reception of the Castle Tower Youls.

Matters drew steadily towards fulfilment. Mr. Fuller-Jackson's flying visits increased in frequency, and were chiefly occupied in consultation over agents' lists, furniture catalogues, and railway guides. The element of dalliance, never a marked feature of his courtship, was wholly ousted by the business of getting married. He took it all very seriously, looking up with mild annoyance when Tina grew flippant over gravel soils and "cosy corners."

Poor Tina! Life seemed to her at this period to consist chiefly of long hours of standing up to dressmakers and serving-women, with an audience of aunts sitting in judgment. She seemed to have lost her former love of pretty clothes, and could not get up any interest in the proceedings, while she was often ready to cry with weariness. And, to the mother's eyes, which could no longer keep from furtive watching, she seemed to grow daily paler and thinner, and her face to wear a strained look. A new restlessness had crept into her ways, but her manner forbade all questioning, and the barrier between mother and daughter rose ever higher and higher. Yet Tina's laugh sounded as ever about the little house—louder, perhaps, and more frequent than in the old days, and the mother repeated over and over again to herself with trembling lips that all was well with the child. The twitter and the fuss of the wedding business went on about them in a crescendo movement, though each was conscious of curious aloofness from an excitement of which they were the natural centre.

Aunt Elizabeth's present (handsome silver side-dishes) had just been borne round by the gardener with much circumstance of careful delivery, and Mrs. Cather came toiling up the stairs with the parcel to her daughter's room, rather glad of an excuse for breaking in on a seclusion which had lasted over an hour. Mr. Fuller-Jackson had been with them all the morning, and had gone up to town by an early train, his mind full of cretonnes. Tina had gone to her room on her return from walking with him to the station, and had since made no sign. Mrs. Cather knocked gently at the bedroom-door with a hand that shook a little, and, receiving no answer, she turned the handle and walked in. Tina lay full-length on the bed, motionless, her face buried in the pillow. The mother's heart gave a wild leap of apprehension, and she flew to the bedside.

"Tina, darling, what is it?"

The prostrate shoulders shook, and there came a sound of sobbing, scattering the terror. She bent over her daughter, tenderly touching the rumpled hair.

"Darling! I know, I know—I have known it all along! Let us open our hearts to one another."

The girl reached out a hand and caught her mother's, but her sobbing continued. The mother sat down on the edge of the bed and waited, her child's hand still in her own.

Presently the head on the pillow turned a little, and words came between the sobs—

"What shall I do? What shall I do? I've been feeling as though I were in one of those prisons where the walls grow closer every day. It wasn't like that at first. It all seemed beautiful and exciting—a sort of Cinderella story; and everybody was so pleased with me. I knew even then that the right feeling wasn't there, but I believed, I prayed, that that would come too. I told him about it, and he said it would be all right, that all good girls grow to love the men who have chosen them. But it's not been getting better—it's been worse and worse every day." Here she covered her face with her hands, and went on in lowered, rapid tones—

"To-day, as I stood by the station-gate and watched him cross the line, it came into my head that the sudden rush at that moment of the afternoon express would settle all my difficulties without the hideous need of explanation. Oh, mother! do you think the thought could have sprung from a wish, and that I am a wicked woman?"

"Tina, darling, it is I that am most to blame. You have been trying

to go through with this thing for my sake more than for your own, and I have known it and have not spoken. I was tempted by the prospect of knowing my Tina for ever out of reach of poverty and its humiliations into forgetting her higher need. But it's clear as daylight now what has to be done, and we must do it."

"Oh, mother, do you think it will hurt very badly?"

"I hope not, my darling. But we must risk even that. To let things take their course would mean worse suffering to you both."

Mr. Fuller-Jackson's answer to the letter, in which Tina prayed to be released from her engagement, brought relief to the conscience of both mother and daughter, inasmuch as hurt vanity rather than wounded affection could be read into his cool acceptance of the situation. Tina had cried and cried till she was blind with crying, but she could smile now.

"Mother, I think I know how birds feel when they have been caught and put in a cage, and are suddenly set free! Life seems full of new possibilities, in spite of the prospect of recurring Mr. Burgesses, and of New Zealand mutton as a permanent form of diet. But, oh! have you thought of Grandmamma and the 'aunties'? Shall we ever be forgiven, you and I?"

It was Saturday afternoon, and Grandmamma's drawing-room held its usual company. In one corner a group of cousins, with their heads together over patterns of coloured silks, were planning bridesmaids' dresses. "Has anyone seen Tina or her mother to-day?" asked Grandmamma; "they haven't been here since Thursday!"

"They haven't been to me either," said Aunt Elizabeth, with a touch of annoyance in her tone. "It's inconsiderate of Tina. She knows my maid is waiting to fit on the dressing-jackets I am giving her."

"She's already beginning to give herself airs," laughed a cousin, lifting a fair head from the fashion-plate on which her gaze had been rivetted. "I doubt whether by this time next year we shall any of us be on her visiting-list."

The aunts tossed their heads at this sally, but Grandmamma gave an inscrutable smile. The promotion of any member of her family, even at the cost of her personal pride, could not fail to be to her a source of exultation. A minute later the servant brought in the local evening paper. Aunt Elizabeth took it up listlessly, and glanced down its columns. Suddenly she emitted a sort of shriek.

"Gracious Heavens! Have any of you seen this? Here's Mary advertising again for a paying guest!"

The announcement produced a volcanic effect. Everyone jumped from her seat and crowded round the newspaper and Aunt Elizabeth. There was a chorus of horrified exclamation.

"Is it a hoax?" "This accounts for their hiding away these last few days!" "But what in the world can it mean?"

Grandmamma had risen from her arm-chair, white and rigid, dominating them all in a passion of suppressed wrath.

"What it means, girls," she said in a quivering voice, "is that Mary is the biggest fool on God's earth, and has encouraged her daughter to cut her own throat. I should think Providence will wash its hands of them both, after this! Most certainly I shall!"

FOR LOVE OF YOU.

For love of you, I pace the street,
Heedless of sun or drenching dew,
Buoyed by the chance that we may meet—
Which, by the way, we never do;
Yet anxiously I pace the street,
For love of you.

For love of you, I sit and groan,
And, bored alike by old and new,
I answer in impatient tone
When they suggest a task to do:
I'd work my fingers to the bone,
For love of you.

For love of you, I lag behind
To gaze upon the darkening view,
To hide myself where none may find—
And once I found them charming, too;
But I begin to hate my kind,
For love of you.

For love of you, if ill betide,
If hearts are cold or friends are few,
Remember, I am on your side;
And though a thousand menace two,
I'd fight and fight until I died,
For love of you.

For love of you, I will not blame,
Although the heart that once was free
Should perish to increase your fame.
One chance of life there seems to be—
The chance that you may feel the same,
For love of me.

JESSIE POPE

THESE FIERCE WARRIORS ARE REALLY SUBJECTS OF THE QUEEN.

The Angami Nagas, who inhabit a tract of Hill country on the northern border of the Manipur State, have probably received more visitors from British or Protected territory than any tribe on the Indian frontier. Until recent years they subsisted chiefly upon the industry of their neighbours, and had reduced the business of raiding to something like a fine art. General Sir James Johnstone, who was one of the first British officials to make their acquaintance as a friend, describes them as a fine, manly race, remarkable for their courtesy and tact, whose principal failing—rather a serious one—is their light regard for human life. Blood-feuds are common among all Hill tribes, but the Angami Nagas push this institution to an extreme, owing to a much too nicely balanced sense of justice. Thus, two villages fall out and there is a fight. No. 1 village kills, say, ten members of No. 2, and No. 2 kills only nine of No. 1's forces. Forthwith, No. 2 village says, "We must kill one more to make things equal, and then shall be peace." The attack is accordingly made, but, by excess of zeal, two inhabitants of Village

No. 1 are killed instead of one—an accident which obviously requires Village No. 1 to initiate a new raid in order to adjust the difference. So the game goes on until the death-roll of each village is of equal length. The condition of a small village which happens to fall out with a big one is deplorable, as nobody dare go outside its gates alone. Until a young man has taken the head of a foe, he may not wear the distinctive kilt which is the Angami *toga virilis*, and, in a powerful village, no respectable girl will marry a man who has not won his "cowrie kilt." It is, unhappily, held more creditable to kill a woman or a child-in-arms than a man, and this for a reason that sheds lurid light on the conditions of life in these regions. The Angamis say anyone can kill a man, because he goes abroad and may be speared or shot from ambush; but to kill a woman or

child, the warrior must penetrate into the enemy's country and run many risks before he take a head.

Dancing in full war-costume forms a very prominent feature of Angami Naga ceremonial; a village organises a dance in honour of a distinguished visitor; dancing in war-dress with much waving of spears and brandishing of swords is a conspicuous part of the funeral rites. These "full uniforms" are sometimes very curious.

Surgeon-Captain Wood draws attention to the regular tails of goat or sambar hair dyed red worn by some of the men in his photographs. The barred ornaments hanging from the necks of others are, he says, equivalent to the Victoria Cross, though probably gained under circumstances which Mr. Atkins would consider disgraceful.

The Angami warrior bears evidence of his prowess in his kilt, to which he adds a row of beads or cowrie-shells for each head he has taken. We may perhaps regard the horns worn by some of these gentry on their heads as part of their "parade equipment," for such headgear would be sadly in the wearer's way if he adorned himself therewith for a fight. The practice of burying weapons with the dead which is common among the Hill peoples of this part of the world produces a curious bit of testimony to the courage and warlike character of the Angami Nagas. The idea in burying a man's weapons with him is to enable him to fight his way in the next world; and the Naga of North Kachar, a race distinct from the Angamis, likes to possess himself (by purchase) of an Angami *dao* or sword-knife, to the end that it may accompany him to the grave as a weapon which knows its business!

Of recent years these wild people have been brought under British control; they were impossible as free and independent neighbours, owing to their raiding propensities, which kept the more peaceable villages on their borders in a state of chronic alarm.



ANGAMIS IN WAR-DANCE COSTUME.



ANGAMI NAGA WARRIORS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SURGEON-CAPTAIN H. S. WOOD, GURKHA RIFLES, MANIPUR.

THIRD HUSBAND OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

HOW BOTHWELL DIED IN A DANISH DUNGEON.

At a time when thousands of people are going to Norway, it is interesting to remember that at this very season, two hundred and thirty-one years ago, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, was tossing restlessly on the North Sea, a fugitive eager for liberty, but really sailing to end his days in a dungeon in Denmark. The rise and fall of Bothwell had been extraordinarily rapid. On Feb. 9, 1567, Darnley, Mary's second husband, was murdered; on April 12 Bothwell was tried and acquitted; on April 24 he abducted Mary; on May 7 he divorced his wife, Lady Jean Gordon, who afterwards married the Earl of Sutherland; on May 12 Mary made him Duke of Orkney; on May 15 she married him; on June 15 she parted from him at Carberry Hill; on June 27 he set sail from Dunbar, never to see Scotland again; and a year later Mary crossed the Border for the last time. It was all short and swift.



BOTHWELL'S SKULL.

Bothwell's first flight was to the Orkney Islands; but while he was there sentence of death was passed on him by the Scottish Parliament, and some ships of war were sent in pursuit of him. He hired two vessels and eluded his captors, only to be driven by a terrific storm to the coast of Norway, entering the harbour of Kamsund. That was fatal. He had hired one of the vessels from a noted pirate, David Wodt of Hamburg, was taken prisoner as a pirate by the King's ship *Björnen* (the Bear), commanded by Christiern Aalborg, brought into Bergen on Sept. 2, 1567, and delivered into the hands of Erik Rosenkrands, the Governor. Rosenkrands, who, after a strict examination, had come to the conclusion that the accusation of piracy against him could not be credited, treated him well, allowed him to live in private lodgings in Bergen, and gave him a magnificent banquet. But justice was closing round the Earl, for a ghost of the past rose up before him in the person of Mistress Anna, the daughter of Christoffer Trundsen, who brought a suit against him "for having taken her away from her native country, and refusing to treat her as his wedded wife, although he, by hand, word of mouth, and by letters, had promised her so to do." Mistress Anna was of opinion that he "was not a person to be depended on, inasmuch as he has three wives living, first herself, then another in Scotland, of whom he has rid himself by purchase, last of all the Queen Mary." To appease her, he promised her a yearly allowance, and gave her one of his vessels. On Sept. 30, the King's ship *Björnen*, commanded by Christiern Aalborg, set sail for Denmark, with Bothwell on board. On arriving at Copenhagen, he was given into the custody of Peder Oxe, High Steward of Denmark. Frederik II. of Denmark was in Jutland at the time, but Bothwell lost no time in communicating with him and with King Charles IX. of France, and laid before them his motive in coming to Denmark, which, he said, was on behalf of the imprisoned Queen of Scots, and implored their protection.

But his enemies in Scotland, who heard of his arrival at Bergen through some Scottish merchants residing there, hastily sent envoys to Copenhagen demanding that the Earl should be delivered up to them. The King refused to do so, but removed Bothwell from Copenhagen to the Castle of Malmö, in Sweden, a safer and stricter prison. It was on a January day in 1567 that the Earl of Bothwell rode out of Edinburgh to meet Queen Mary as she returned from Glasgow with her sick husband, and it was on a January day in 1568, just a year after—and, I believe, the most turbulent year in the whole of his stormy life—that he was removed from the Castle of Copenhagen to the Castle of Malmö. Here too he was well treated; the King advanced him money and presented him with silk and velvet clothes; much liberty was granted him, and he was allowed free intercourse with his countrymen. Thus we read in a letter from Buchanan—who was sent to Denmark to demand that the Earl should be handed over to Scotland—to Cecil, Queen Elizabeth's chief Minister, dated from Copenhagen, Jan. 19, 1571, of the daily correspondence between Bothwell and Mary Stuart, and Buchanan warns Cecil to be on the look-out for a page Bothwell has sent to Queen Mary, "for as I do understand thair is alsua ane page of Bothwelles send by hym in England with certain wretinges two months ago to the same woman for the same effect and purpos, which page is a Danish borne yit not easilie to be knowin by a Scot be reasone he speketh perfyett Scottes." Bothwell was imprisoned in the Castle of Malmö for about five years. Here he is said to have written a confession to the effect that Queen Mary was guiltless of the murder of Darnley.

In June 1573 he was removed to Dragsholm. Why, after having hitherto been so well treated and so much liberty allowed him, he was now removed to Dragsholm, and there deprived of all communication beyond the castle walls, is, and will perhaps always remain, a mystery. Dragsholm, which is now a baronial residence called Adelersborg, stands on the north-west coast of Zealand. The castle dates back as far as the twelfth or thirteenth century; it is said to have been built by a priest

named Bryge, and was in former days the property of the Bishops of Roskilde. After the Reformation, 1536, the castle was used as a State Prison, and one of the first prisoners confined here was Bishop Joachim Rønnow, who had been lord of the castle a month previous to his confinement there.

From the moment he entered Dragsholm nothing is known of Bothwell. Scottish writers assert that he went mad, but no contemporary Danish account of the fact exists. The Danish historian, Professor F. Schiern, published an essay on Bothwell in 1860, in which he maintains that Bothwell must have died mad, and his opinion is that this accounts for his close confinement at Dragsholm. We read of his madness for the first time in George Buchanan's History of Scotland, published in 1582, that is, four years after Bothwell's death. Sir James Melville writes in his Memoirs that Bothwell was kept "in a strait prison, wherein he became mad and dyed miserably," and Spottiswood declares that, "desperate of liberty he turned mad." Such a well-informed person as M. de Danzay, writing to the Court of France in 1575, reports him dead, and it was commonly believed that he died that year. Even Queen Mary took it for granted. The mistake as to the date of his death probably arose from the circumstance that the Scottish Captain Clarke, who was also confined at Dragsholm, died in the year 1575. Captain John Clarke and Earl Bothwell had stood face to face as enemies on Carberry Hill, and, strangely enough, it came to pass that, some few years after, both of them ended their days in the same far-away Danish prison. In Cecil's Diary of July 1575 we read, "There came news out of Denmark that the Erle Botheville and Capt. Clarke were ded in prison; howbeit, since that the death of Capt. Clarke is confirmed, and Botheville is but great swollen and not dead." We can understand that the Danish Government, wearied partly by the constant demands made by the successive Scottish Regents and Queen Elizabeth herself for the person of Bothwell, partly by the repeated appeals of the French King on behalf of Bothwell, willingly allowed the report of his death to be spread abroad, and thus put an end to all the worrying questions of his delivery and non-delivery. But the fact is that Bothwell did not die till three years after, on April 14, 1578, and was buried inside the Church of Faarevejle.

Tradition has always pointed out a certain coffin which stood in a vault in the north or side chapel of the church as Bothwell's. A natural wish to ascertain if tradition was right caused the Rev. R. S. Ellis, Chaplain to her Majesty's Legation at Copenhagen, to apply to Baron Adeler to obtain leave to open the coffin, and on May 31, 1858, the investigation took place in the presence of Mr. Ellis, Professor Worsaae, and Professor Ibsen, the anatomist. There were several coffins in the vault, but only two proved of a date as late as the latter end of the sixteenth century, and, as Professor Ibsen pronounced the remains in one of them to be those of a female, only one remained, which must be Bothwell's, and it was this very coffin which had always been pointed out as his. It was very like a large trunk, was made of deal, and was without any ornamentation whatever, but it very much resembled the coffins used by the nobles in the sixteenth and in the beginning of the seventeenth century. On opening the lid, the coffin was found to contain the corpse of a man, and evidently a man of rank. It was enveloped in shrouds of fine linen, remarkably well preserved, and adorned with small rosettes made out of black paper. The head-covering was of white linen, lined with greenish satin; the cuffs were likewise of satin. The head was found under the shoulders of the body; it had evidently fallen off at a previous examination. The corpse was mummified, and altogether remarkably well preserved. The other old corpses in the same vault, and their shrouds, have also been wonderfully well preserved; it is very probable that this is because of the sandy ground on which the church stands. The corpse was that of a rather square-built man, some 5 ft. 5 in. to 5 ft. 7 in. in height,



THE CASTLE OF DRAGSHOLM, WHERE BOTHWELL WAS IMPRISONED.

broad-shouldered, with small hands and feet, strongly hooked nose, very high cheek-bones, rather low and sloping forehead, form of head wide behind, and hair red mixed with grey. Professor Ibsen was of opinion that the deceased had attained the age of fifty years, and he likewise maintained that the head had undoubtedly a Scottish shape. As everything in the way of inscriptions or ornaments was wanting, it is, of course, still open to question if tradition is right in pointing out this coffin as that of Bothwell.

THE HOME OF KEATS AT HAMPSTEAD.

London is perhaps the greatest temple-breaker of any town in the kingdom, for no other place is being so frequently rebuilt; but it has resolved to spare Lawn Bank, Hampstead, which was the home of Keats seventy-nine years ago. One would not revert to the subject but for the

rumour that this shrine (stuccoed though it be) was doomed. The mistake has arisen in a very natural way. Wentworth House is to be replaced by a more modern structure; but it was at Wentworth Place that Keats lived. Under that name what is now Lawn Bank was two houses. In one of them lived Charles Wentworth Dilke, the grandfather of the present baronet; in the other lived Charles Armitage Brown Dilke. It is just eighty years ago that Brown and Keats set out on their tour in the North of Scotland—they went as far as Cromarty—and on their return (August 1818) Brown induced Keats to keep house with him at Wentworth Place, each paying his own expenses. Meantime Mrs. Brawne and her daughter Fanny had been staying in Brown's rooms during the tour, and that was how Keats encountered the fair Fanny. It was in February 1820 that Keats was seized with the first symptoms of consumption in the shape of an attack of hemorrhage induced by a cold night-ride outside the coach from

London to Hampstead. He was kept indoors for six or seven weeks, during which time Brown nursed him, while he wrote constantly to Fanny Brawne, who had taken Dilke's house next door. During Brown's holidays that summer Keats went to stay in Kentish Town,

to be near the Leigh Hunts, who ultimately took him in in June, when the disease made further progress. One day he got a letter from Miss Brawne two days late, and with the seal broken. He instantly left the Hunts, and Miss Brawne took him at Wentworth Place, where he got a little better, in the pathetic way of such victims. He then went off to Italy with his friend Severn, reaching Rome in November (1820). Here he met the future Sir James Clark, the Queen's Physician, and here he burned out the last of his life, Severn watching faithfully over him, reading to him, and waiting on him. The end came on Feb. 23, 1821, and three days later he was buried near the pyramid of Gaius Cestius. In 1822 Miss Chester, the private reader to George IV.,

had the two houses at Wentworth Place converted into one. In the front-garden is the tree—variously said to be a mulberry-tree, a plane-tree (Lord Houghton gives the latter), and a plum-tree—under which he wrote his "Ode to the Nightingale."



WENTWORTH HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD, WHICH IS TO BE PULLED DOWN.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.



LAWN BANK, THE HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD WHERE JOHN KEATS LIVED.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOLAS, OXFORD STREET, W.

AN INFORMAL FAMILY OF "FLIP-FLAPS."

Were I the Master of Sports to the Countess of Jersey, I should go in for a few innovations at Osterley Park, and, for my first *divertissement*, offer this impossible Frantz family, who could make a lawn-party famous for seven years! You may imagine them, three ladies in white duck skirts, and whatever you will of *lingerie* beneath, white-gloved, white-shod, with hats to match, well fastened to their tightly wound hair; and two gentlemen in frock-coats as neat as ever Vesta Tilley wore, monocle and the season's *impedimenta*—Johnnies all, and, to these, two modish, prim, and well-bred infants of ten and twelve. So far, they are not distinguishable from other promenaders, save by that exaggeration in costume which the stage affects.

But tea is served, and, presto! on the sward this septette of interesting entertainers goes off like a firework! A dimpled maiden of nineteen turns to a human pin-wheel, the children dart like baby rockets, brothers and sister mount, three high, to each other's shoulders, the matron struts with a set expression towards the tea-tasters, with her willing spouse's head to hers, his feet exploring the sky. It is so simple, yet so charming, for the girls smile in mid-air, their gowns are artfully controlled, and the men preserve miraculous semblances of dignity while upside down. They deal in preposterous grace and topsy-turvy etiquette, and you sit in your wicker chair and laugh and laugh, till, through your tears, the open is filled with refracted, untamable beings of some gayer world, where a lady may jump over a friend's shoulders and retain modesty withal.

It is almost as funny as this at the Tivoli, where my troupe appears in evening-dress, and outrages the laws of gravity and reason. You see

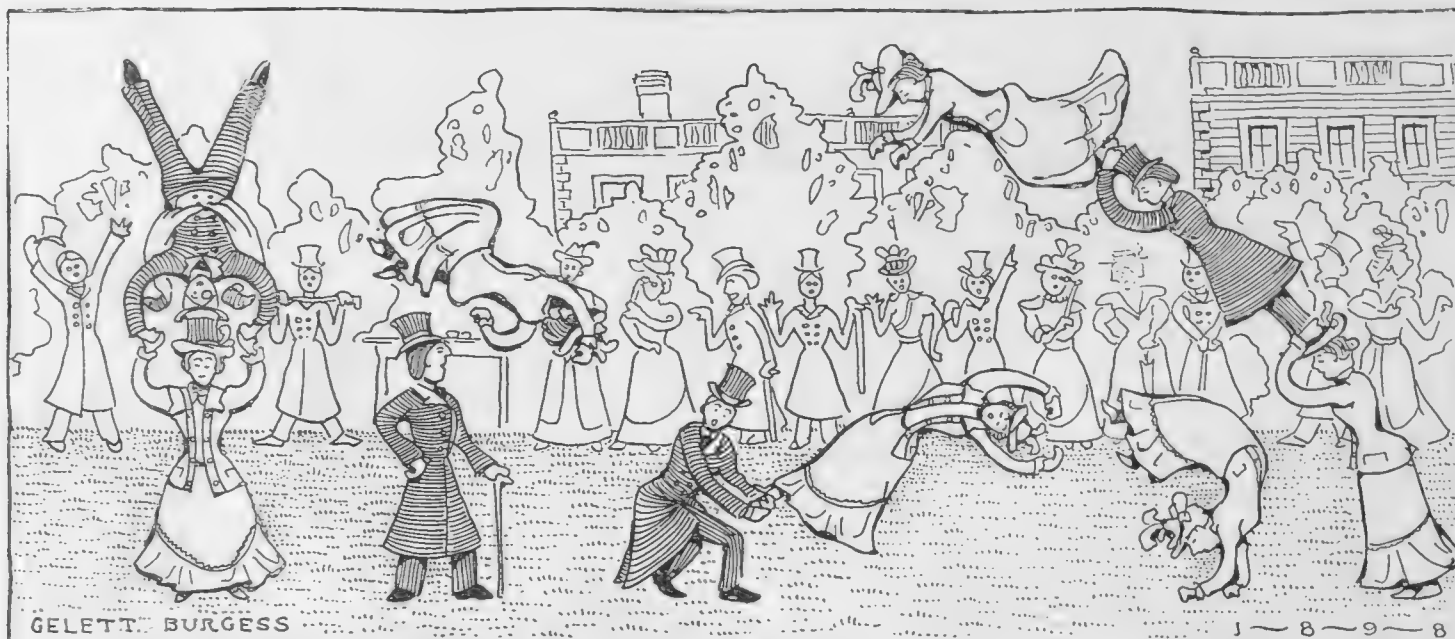
patiently and with much kind encouragement. "Watch his shoulders as you turn!" she cried. "Surely you can see them in time—I'm sure you can!" and the baby tried and tried again till she had mastered the trick. There is much "sleight-of-eye" in this trade: one must see with one's feet, almost, and one must begin young.

Mrs. Frantz had begun at six, and her mother before her, for it runs in the family to defy natural laws on trapeze and slack-wire. You are apt to get a little "arm-y," and you wriggle your biceps while you talk, as some ladies gesture with their eyebrows. One doesn't know how much expression one can have in one's muscles till one has hobnobbed with the Frantz family. But the dropping and the leaping educate your legs too, though you don't grow very tall in the process.

They were practising their new trick, a difficult one, if an outsider, who uses his feet chiefly for walking, may judge—the "three-high-drop," done backwards. I had shuddered at the ordinary exhibition on the Tivoli stage, where the three girls mount upon each other's shoulders and slowly topple forward as if committing a triplicate suicide by dashing their several brains out upon the boards, but to see this done backward was a little too much! Mrs. Frantz coached them from below, detail by detail through the hoist, the balance, and the drop, in this wise—

"Steady—Don't move, Dickie—The other leg, Adelaide—Don't pull back so, Dickie—Steady—You must keep balance, Emily—All right—Easy—Quite so—Watch her feet—Now."

It was Miss Emily, with the deep dimples, who told me of the names of the acts, and the slang of the craft. This was a "head-spring"—so! And that was a "hand-spring"—so! The nicest girl I ever knew could not go heels over head more modestly; or, springing backwards over a gentleman's hair, release him from the accidental covering of her



A FAMILY OF "FLIP-FLAPS."

a sober row of well-dressed persons appear and bow, but after that discretion ends. It rains ladies and it pours gentlemen, blushing girls navigate the air, and, alighting with dexterity, dive and dart, heels or head first, it matters not to them. In what world did they learn these antipodean manners and customs?

I saw them first in San Francisco, and I promised them that, in whatever part of the earth I found them next, I would make myself and my obligations known. And so I went behind, to be welcomed as an old friend. They have travelled widely since then, and are becoming prosperous. The children, forbidden to perform in the United States, may riot in London, and capture their full share of applause. But, for the rest, the Frantz family are unchanged and unspoiled, and the best company in the world, in either meaning of the term. We talked of the "Orpheum" in San Francisco, which is the temporal Heaven of the music-hall specialist, and they invited me to come down to the Kennington Road and watch them practise a new trick.

I went down to Cragg's Private Gymnasium the next day, and there they were, all in evening-dress, as if they had not been to bed since. The Frantzes are a happy family, and cordial, with a naïve simplicity that convicts one of friendship at first sight. They do not go in for culture, for they are plain Birmingham English people, but I felt that, one and all, they had the "educated heart." I wonder if you know what I mean, and how the heart needs as much training as the head, and how it may learn, through the school of self-denial and service, a rare and blessed simplicity? I have said that they were unspoiled. One cannot always say that of a music-hall artist.

There was a contrivance of pulleys and ropes hung to a beam over the mattress, and to this was saddled the littlest Frantz, a wimp named Maudie. She was practising a back-somersault from her brother's shoulders, trying her best to alight upon them again without losing her balance. Mr. Peter Frantz held the ropes and tempered her fall when she failed, and Mrs. Louise watched her and coaxed her, teaching her

skirts with more delicious apologies. She showed me the "dive," the "flip-flap," and the "pancake"—I would my wife could make pancakes like hers—and she explained the mysteries of the "one-arm balance," where you hold your partner in the air with one hand, while he gesticulates towards the heavens with all fours. She did the "fish," balancing with one hand on her pretty sister's head, and squirmed more gracefully than I can describe; she illustrated the "rolls and jumps," and labelled all my sketches for me, with many a smile at my innocence.

But, after all, I doubt if they saw half the funny side of it, these demure people in evening-dress going through their grotesque rigmaroles. That they are clever acrobats, the Tivoli patrons will admit; but they get more applause than laughter, though to one who is used to look for the needle of humour in this London haystack, their comedy is superb. And so, perhaps, they would not prove such a success as I could hope at Osterley Park. But it would be a wonderful experiment!

GELETT BURGESS.

HOW TO TREAT BORES.

The Chamber of Deputies of the little Duchy of Luxemburg has shown its capacity in dealing with bores. Especial annoyance was recently caused there by the interminable speeches of one of the two Social Democratic Deputies, who make up a party all by themselves in the Chamber. Directly Dr. Welter, the Deputy in question, got up to make a speech, all the other Deputies rushed out of the house welter-skelter, if one may coin a phrase, and left him alone with the Speaker. At first, this did not greatly disconcert him, but, when he found that not only were his speeches thus boycotted in the House, but even the reporters ignored them, he soon resigned himself to save his breath for future expenditure upon his porridge. That he must be a very bad bore indeed seems to be proved by the fact that he was never able to secure the attendance even of his colleague.



*Earth could not answer, nor the seas that mourn,
In flowing Purple, of their Lord Forlorn.*
—THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM.

THE DOGS OF A DUCHESS.

These dogs of a duchess are all dead. And the duchess herself has been dead these eighty years. She lies in the churchyard yonder, under a massive Chantry monument, and on the village green close by stands

At night, when she cannot sleep, she has women to read to her. The Duchess of York is clever and well-informed; she likes society, and dislikes all form and ceremony, but in the midst of the most familiar intercourse she always preserves a certain dignity of manner. . . . Her dogs are her greatest interest and amusement, and she has at least forty of various kinds. She is delighted when anybody gives her a dog, or a monkey, or a parrot, of all of which she has



IN MEMORY OF JULIA.

a lofty column inscribed with her virtues. The dogs sleep here under tiny and unpretentious tombstones, and the hearts which might have treasured their good qualities have turned to dust long ago. *Sic transit gloria canum.*

Also *sic transit gloria* of Oatlands Park itself. Here was once a royal residence of England. The property was acquired first by Henry VIII.: "in his usual affable manner," says the guide-book. Elizabeth often held court amid these pleasant Surrey glades, and Anne of Denmark and the Queen of Charles I. were among the other royal occupants of Oatlands. The last of its royal owners was the Duke of York, second son of George III., and the mansion he built a hundred years ago largely survives in the well-known Oatlands Park Hotel. Something else survives of ducal origin, and that is the unique two-storeyed grotto which his Grace of Newcastle caused to be constructed in the park at a reputed cost of £40,000.

But neither dukes nor grottos are of interest just now; a duchess and her dogs are our theme. First, then, as to the Duchess of York herself. She was the last to bear that title in the English peerage prior to the present gracious owner of that name, and it is rather a curious coincidence that in each case the title has been gained through marriage with the second son of the direct heir to the British throne. Almost the only source of information about the duchess is the "Greville Memoirs"; at any rate, we have to rely upon that vivacious chronicle for those touches which bring her personal character into clear relief. Her Grace appears to have been fond of the Oatlands mansion, to have spent the greater part of her life there, and to have kept the house lively with a succession of parties from town. In those parties Mr. Greville was a frequent figure, and he availed himself to the full of the opportunities they afforded him of making some mental notes of his hostess's character. Those notes eventually crystallised into this picture—

The Duchess seldom goes to bed, or, if she does, only for an hour or two; she sleeps dressed upon a couch, sometimes in one room, sometimes in another. She frequently walks out very late at night, or rather, early in the morning, and always sleeps with open windows. She dresses and breakfasts at three o'clock, afterwards walks out with all her dogs, and seldom appears before dinner-time.



A ROW OF DOGS' GRAVES.

a vast number; it is impossible to offend her or annoy her more than by ill-using any of her dogs, and if she were to see anybody beat or kick any one of them she would never forgive it.

It is easy, no doubt, to read eccentricity into this character-sketch, and especially into that wholesale devotion to the canine race. But would it not be wise to pause and consider the excuses there may have been in this case? A native of another land—the Duchess was born Princess Royal of Prussia—mated to a husband whose intrigues with a mistress were the talk of the town and the burden of debate in the House of Commons, condemned to pass many solitary hours in her Surrey home, it is hardly surprising that she should turn for consolation elsewhere. And, in that event, what wiser choice could she have made for companionship than that of—

The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone?

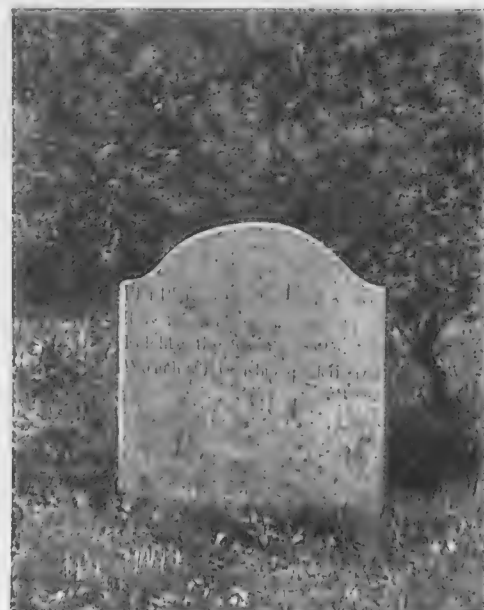
As these dogs of a duchess passed away one by one they were honoured with burial and headstone in the sheltered dell which dips down in front of the Oatlands grotto. It is a resting-place which might make man himself "half in love with careful death." Only two of the tombstones bear anything in the nature of an epitaph; the rest are simply inscribed with a name. The longest epitaph is that "To the Memory of Julia," and it reads thus—

Here Julia rests, and here each day
Her mistress strews her grave with flowers,
Mourning her death, whose frolic play
Enlivened oft the lonesome hours.
From Denmark did her race descend,
Beauteous her form and mild her spirit;
Companion gay, and faithful friend—
May ye who read have half her merit.

As may be seen from the photographs, none of the tombstones have any pretensions to sculptural beauty. The shape of most is as monotonously repeated as the stock design of a row of modern villas. The one or two exceptions only accentuate the uniformity of the rest.



TOPSY AND DINAH, MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

FAITHFUL, QUEENIE.
Photographs by H. C. Shelley.

PEPPER LIES HERE.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Some notable prints have just appeared. Deserving of special mention is the beautiful picture entitled "In Manus Tuas, Domine," painted by Mr. Briton Rivière. Mr. C. O. Murray has engraved it for the Art Union of London, as the coupon, as it were, for their next drawing. The picture, you may remember, represents a knight, clad in armour,

forms a striking contrast to the evident terror of the animals amidst this scene, where owls and bats and creeping things come dimly into view.

Two excellent samples of reproduction come from Messrs. Landecker, Lee, and Brown, of Worship Street, Finsbury. The larger, called



JOHN THE BAPTIST AS A CHILD.—AFTER MURILLO.
IN THE VIENNA NATIONAL GALLERY.

riding his terror-stricken horse into the almost impenetrable blackness of a haunted wood. Firmly trusting in the power of the sign made by the cross-like hilt of the uplifted sword, and uttering the words which form the title of this etching, "Into Thy Hands, O Lord," the knight, serene and confident, presses his unwilling horse onward through the wood. The trustful composure expressed in the face of this young Christian knight

"Convalescent," is in Mr. Yeend King's popular style. It shows a young girl reading to another one, who is obviously emerging from a severe illness that has made her pale and thin. Much more vigorous is the picture of Amphitrite, engraved in mezzotint by Mr. Charles J. Tomkins. The artist has retained the sense of colour inherent in the original, and has produced a picture full of vigour.

THE ELEPHANT IN MALAYA.

The elephant is still a tolerably important personage in the Protected Malay States, but the spread of roads passable for carriages, an early result of British influence in Malaya as elsewhere, has done a good deal to affect his position. Before roads were made, the elephant was practically the only land-conveyance used by the better classes of Malay society: in a country so densely and generally covered with jungle, horses, or rather, ponies, were necessarily restricted to the few narrow paths existing. The elephant nowadays is most generally employed to carry rice to the mines in the interior, and pigs of tin therefrom to the coast; though the bigger chiefs continue to maintain studs of elephants as necessary to uphold their dignity. The dignity of a Malay chief requires a good deal of upholding; Sir Frank Swettenham describes him as the greatest swaggerer on earth. The method of taking wild elephants in Malaya is very similar to that employed in India and Assam, the main difference being that, instead of building a great kheddah, or enclosure, the Malay selects a deep ravine with precipitous sides into which to drive the wild herd. A ravine with plenty of shade-trees and a stream running through it is preferred; a strong fence is built across one end, and at the other long wing-fences lead to the one narrow gate. Once the herd has been driven into this half-natural enclosure; the gate is closed and the new captures are hobbled one by one to be brought out for their education. The Malay mode of taming elephants is, in some respects, an improvement on the Indian system. Instead of keeping the new captive tied by the legs to trees, and so causing painful sores, the Malay builds a strong roofless cell of timber, just large enough for the elephant to



THE EVENING DRINK.

stand in, and shuts him up in it. He is kept in this cell for a month or more, until he becomes thoroughly accustomed to the sight and smell of man, and has no objection to being handled. As small boys make it a point of honour to climb on his back from the fence at the earliest possible moment, he gets quite as much handling as the most sociable elephant could desire; by "earliest possible moment," he pleased to understand as soon as his fears are so far allayed that he is not dangerous. The evening before his release from the cell to be educated, the elephant is waited on by a band of young women in their best clothes; these stand around and sing to him for an hour or two. I have no definite information concerning the subject of the songs, but in all probability "Be virtuous and you will be happy" is their general theme.

The natural-history books teach us that the elephant does not breed in captivity. This is practically true of the elephant in India, though cases of tame elephants breeding are recorded. In Malaya, Sir Frank Swettenham tells me, it is quite usual for elephants to be born of parents which have been for years domesticated. Young ones born in bondage run loose with their mothers until about three or four years old. When they attain that age, they are taken up and placed in cells, like freshly caught wild elephants, but, as might be supposed, need much less preliminary "handling," and are sooner apprenticed to work.

It is a singular fact that the further East we go the more complete do we find the state of domestication. In Africa the elephant is not tamed at all. In India we have the animal tamed, but very rarely breeding in captivity. In Burma we find the tame cow-elephant breeding freely with the wild bull, and in the Malay States we find the tame animals breeding *inter se*, the state of true and absolute domestication. c.



PARADED FOR THE RAJAH'S INSPECTION.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY SIR FRANK SWETTENHAM, K.C.M.G.

THE ELEPHANT IN MALAYA.



REFRESHING AFTER A MARCH.



GOING TO THE JUNGLE FOR FORAGE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY SIR FRANK SWETTENHAM, K.C.M.G.

POST-OFFICE BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES IN GERMANY.

In these times, as the German Emperor lately remarked in a speech at some public festivity, we stand or wade in a flood of incessant correspondence. It is an ocean of letters, post-cards, telegrams, and

printed papers, filled by countless streams, large or small, with tides daily twice ebbing and flowing, the greatest volume of this epistolary deluge being around such cities as London, Paris, Berlin, and New York. If it may be considered that the average proportion of letters, reckoned for each person, which are received by the people of each country is a sign of the national progress in civilisation, the comparative statistics are worth notice. The figures, in a relative



A TELEGRAPH MESSENGER.

percentage are equivalent to 55 for England, 34 for Germany, 28 for Austria, 27 for Belgium, 25 for Holland, 23 for France, 9 for Spain, 6 for Italy, and 2 for Russia! But it may rather be taken merely as a test of the preponderating numbers of the rustic peasantry and illiterate labouring classes, and the inactivity of trade.

The postal system, as well in its separate management by national Governments as in the complex of world-wide communications, is now developing some novel methods, beside the conveyance of mails by railways and steamships and the network of electric cables across lands and seas. One of the most conspicuous new features of its domestic usage in the German Empire is the employment of bicycles and tricycles, shown in the illustrations which I have received from Breslau, the capital of the Province of Silesia, part of the Kingdom of Prussia, an important manufacturing and commercial city with a population of half a million.

The bicycle was here soon recognised as a practical and economical convenience for speedy delivery of letters. Its aid now enables a post-office messenger to perform a wide circuit, riding some thirty English miles without too much fatigue, in the streets of the town. This vehicle is used especially for delivering telegrams and express letters, which latter, immediately upon their arrival by the trains at the railway station, are consigned to the post-office at that station, where the bicyclist messengers are in waiting, so that no time is lost in bringing the express letter directly to the person who should receive it. The suburbs, and some neighbouring villages or hamlets which are favourably situated, can partake of this service. In the country districts beyond, experimental trials of the bicycle for the ordinary delivery of letters, saving



A TRICYCLIST CARRIER OF LETTERS TO DISTRICT POST-OFFICES.

time and fatigue where the distances are wide and the load is light, have already taken place. For the delivery of telegrams it seems to be peculiarly suitable, and may readily be extended to any villages along the roads on all sides around the city which possesses telegraph-offices. The messengers to whom postal bicycles are entrusted are brisk, vigorous, expert young men, attired in a smart uniform, each sitting lightly upon

the bar of his swift two-wheeler, the handle of which is lacquered a bright yellow, making a pretty figure as he darts along and winds his way skilfully through the crowded streets. The machines, constructed entirely of German metal, are strong and stable, but light, and bear in front, just beneath the steering-gear, a white plate with the Imperial Eagle in black displayed on it, and with the inscription, "Deutsche Reichspost." These postal-bicycles are allowed to traverse the streets of the city at all hours of the day or night.

Tricycles have more recently been introduced into the Post Office service. Much speed cannot be expected with them, so they are employed not in the actual delivery of letters, but in the conveyance of the ordinary letter-bags from the central post-office, or from the railway terminus office, to the distributing offices of the several districts. A postal tricycle-carriage is furnished with a removable wooden box, in which, before attaching it to the bicycle, the bags full of letters are placed, each bag upon its own open shelf, held up by a perpendicular iron bar, moved on a hinge at one end and with a fastening at the other end, to keep all the bags secure in their places from top to bottom; when opened, the bag required is drawn out by a leather strap which lies behind it. This operation is very quickly performed.

It is a notable spectacle at Breslau, at the terminus of the Upper Silesia Railway, daily at half-past six in the morning, to see the muster of post-office tricycles awaiting the arrival of the night-mail train from Berlin. The sorting of the letters will already have been performed on the journey, in the post-office carriage belonging to the train, which comes in at a quarter before seven. All the letter-bags for different quarters of Breslau and the vicinity will have been prepared for their distribution by the tricyclist carriers, who take their boxes and set off promptly, under severe penalties for any delay. By seven o'clock they



AWAITING THE MORNING TRAIN AT Breslau STATION.

have all left the railway station, and must complete the distribution to the local post-offices within the next hour. The bicyclist express letter-carriers and telegram-deliverers will also quickly visit the residences of persons entitled to the earliest delivery. These missives will affect the important engagements of many townsmen for that day.

A PLEA FOR THE BADGER.

One of the most interesting features in the *Badminton* this month is the article by Mr. A. E. Pease, M.P., on the badger. He makes a strong plea for the preservation of the old English beast from the ruthless hand of the gamekeeper, who classes it among the "vermin" which it is his duty to root out by fair means or foul. Viewed as Mr. Pease views it, the badger comes within the range of sporting animals, and, if a general notion of this kind obtained, there would be no risk of the badger's dying out. The article deals very well with the badger's anatomy. "He is cut out for a miner," Mr. Pease says. "His wedge-shaped head is capable of forcing a passage through sand and soft strata, while his armour-tipped diggers are worked by machinery that rivals in power the steam-navvy." In illustration of this, he quotes an account from a French writer of a *chasse* for three days and nights, during which time a trio of badgers bored their way a distance of forty-nine feet without air or food! Mr. Pease gives several good stories from his own experience, especially one of an intrepid pursuit of an old thirty-pound dog-badger. It is to be hoped that this most interesting article will do something to prevent the ruthless extermination of the badger, which is far too prevalent. In the same number (which also contains an article by a lady on Falconry in the Sahara), Sir Herbert Maxwell sets out some extraordinary conclusions on the salmon drawn from (of all places!) a Parliamentary Bluebook. The question is too long to be dealt with satisfactorily, but, briefly put, the article embodies the findings of the Research Laboratory of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, which go to show that the salmon, a fresh-water fish, does not feed in fresh water at all, but that it lays up a store of nutriment during its sojourn in the sea.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"THE FOREST LOVERS."*

It would be easy to fall into extravagance about Mr. Maurice Hewlett's book, but this would be a poor compliment. The writer has nothing of the "cheap genius" about him. He is throughout manly and self-respecting. One is very thankful that he does not address his readers "woingly." He does not seize them familiarly by the coat and invite



MR. MAURICE HEWLETT.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

them to admire his airs and graces and tastes and opinions. His business is to tell a story, and he tells it admirably, with a rich and joyous appreciation alike for nature and for humanity. I have met with very few books where the descriptions are so much of the essence of the story, where the life of nature is as vividly felt and rendered as the life of man. There is hardly a superfluous word; I venture to say there is not a superfluous paragraph from beginning to end of Mr. Hewlett's book.

Mr. Hewlett's most striking achievement is that he has written a mediæval story, a story of adventure—joyous, gallant, and enthralling, which yet recalls no other writer. The field seems to be crowded, but he has his own place. I fancied I had detected some reminiscences of Thackeray, but after diligent research am unable to offer any proof. It is obvious to point to William Morris, but Mr. Hewlett does not derive from Morris, and is quite free from his general languor and remoteness. Many of our new novels might be best criticised by an analysis. An edition of the Bible is now being published in which the supposed authors have their portions denoted by various colours. If it were worth while, many of our latter-day story-tellers might be treated in the same manner. You could indicate what was due to Stevenson, what to Blackmore, what to Dumas, what to Scott. But whatever Mr. Hewlett's book may be worth, it is at least his own. His English is admirable, all the more so because there is no trick in it. It is not of the kind that is easily imitated. It is clear, strong, accomplished, and easy, and here and there one comes upon a passage which is marked by a certain luminous repose. The heroine, "a rosy girl with shining eyes," logical by instinct, and humble by conviction, wins the reader's heart much sooner than she gains that of her husband. In fact, Prosper is quite provokingly blind. "She had changed her rags for a cotton gown of dark blue, her clouds of hair were now drawn back over her ears into a knot and covered with a silk hood of Indian work. On her feet, then bare, he now saw sandals, round her waist a leather belt with a thin dagger attached to it in a silver sheath. She looked very timidly, even humbly, up at him whenever he spoke to her—with the longing faithfulness of a dog shining in her big eyes; but she looked like a girl who was to be respected, and even Prosper could not but perceive what a dark beauty she was. Pale she was, no doubt, except when she blushed, but this she did as freely as hillside clouds in March." To think that it takes some two hundred pages and adventures innumerable before Prosper is fairly in love with this girl! Even when he is in love he does not shrine her so high as she shrines him. "As for him, gratitude for what she had endured for his sake might go for nothing. Men do not feel gratitude—they accept tribute. But if they pity, and their pity is quickened by knowledge of the pitiful, then they love. Her pleading lips, her dear, startled eyes, stung him out of himself. And then he found out why her eyes were startled, and why her lips were mute. She was lovely. Yes, for she loved. This beseeching child, then, loved him. He knew himself homeless now until she took him in." This may have pleased Isoult—indeed, we are assured that it pleased her hugely—but it does not satisfy us.

There is charm and strength in some of the subordinate characters, and the death of Spiridion as he was kneeling in his shirt before the crucifix is a memorable passage. Spiridion was searching what God might be. He had a shelf of images in his room. "Here," said he, "are images of Christ on the Cross, of Mahound (made by a Maltese Jew), of Diana of the Ephesians, and Jupiter Ammon. Here, too, are a Thammuz wrought in jade, and a cat-faced woman sitting naked in a chair. All are gods, and any one of them may be very God. Before which should I kneel? For to one I will as surely kneel as I shall surely die." He had scarcely spoken when the door of the room split in the midst, and fell apart, and the murderers rushed in. Spiridion had just time to choose his God.

We will not go into ecstasies over Mr. Hewlett. He has not yet given us a very great book, and perhaps there would have been more hope for him if he had slipped more often. A comparatively weak man in splendid training will sometimes do better for a little than an athlete who has neglected himself. But we will apply with great confidence to "The Forest Lovers" thoughts of Isoult. There is about it "an allure of grave richness, a reticence of charm." W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

HUNTING IN KASHMIR.

There are probably few countries in the world as easy of access as Kashmir, where one can travel in such comfort through lovely scenery, in a perfect climate, and at the same time enjoy the pleasure and excitement of shooting bears and leopards. The latter are not very plentiful now, and one has to work hard to get them, sitting up in "machans" in trees in the early morning, and at twilight in the evening, and at night when there is a moon. The best "bait" to attract them is a goat, or, better still, a goat and her kid, tied up near the jungle; but they are very wary, and recently Mr. James Arbuthnot spent eight days trying for one that had been making great havoc among the villagers' flocks without ever seeing the leopard, though it was killing nearly every night in the neighbourhood. Its bill of fare for one week was three cows, two sheep, one goat, and two dogs, the blood of which it sucked, but hardly ever ate any of the flesh. Bears are much more plentiful, and can be shot either by driving the jungles—for which purpose men are always to be got from the villages at the moderate cost of four annas a day—or by watching for them when they come out to feed on the mulberries and apricots late in the evening, or in



BEAR-SHOOTING IN KASHMIR.

the early morning, when they are making their way back to their home in the jungle after their night's feeding; they take a lot of killing, and when wounded, are always game to charge if they get the chance to do so downhill, so there is just sufficient element of danger in hunting them to give the sport the necessary piquancy of excitement.

* "The Forest Lovers." By Maurice Hewlett. London: Macmillan and Co.

AUSTRALIAN BIRDS.

GOAT-SUCKERS AND HAWKS.

There is something very owl-like about the habits of the Goat-suckers. Like the owls, they sleep by day and hunt by night, and, also like the owls, they are birds of soft-winged, silent flight. Australia has several species of Goat-sucker, and the closely allied *Podargus* and Owlet-Nightjars, which last, by the way, derive their name from their close resemblance to the smaller owls. These birds vary much in size. One of the largest is the Cuvier's *Podargus*, nearly eighteen inches long, familiarly known in Tasmania as "More-pork," which syllables it cries in hoarse, unearthly tones at night. The cry is none the less weird for the fact that on moonlight nights the bird is often seen perched on a tombstone in the graveyard. It is frequently caught and kept in captivity, making a very original and amusing if rather sleepy pet. Mr. Saville Kent has given, in his "Naturalist in Australia," a full account of the oddities of a pair of tame *Podargi* which he kept for five years and brought home to England. As shown by the photographs taken by Mr. Saville Kent, the *Podargus* commands a wealth of expression that is really amazing. The "More-pork" is a Tasmanian rather than an Australian bird; on the mainland its place is taken by the Tawny-shouldered *Podargus*, a slightly larger bird. More nearly resembling our own Goat-sucker, Nightjar, or Fern-owl in size, appearance, and habit are the Spotted and White-throated Goat-suckers. The ground-loving Goat-suckers have a habit, apt to be alarming to a nervous horse at dusk, of lying still on the road and springing up suddenly when the horse is nearly upon it, thus provoking a violent but pardonable "shy."



AUSTRALIAN HAWKS.

These Goat-suckers, like our own, lay their one or two eggs on the bare ground, and when disturbed crouch motionless, trusting to escape unseen owing to resemblance of their plumage to their surroundings. The Australian Owlet-Nightjars lay their eggs in holes in tree-trunks, while the *Podargus* builds a flat nest of twigs in the fork of a tree.

Australia is better supplied with Goat-suckers and owls than she is with birds of the hawk tribe, nature having given her the birds most suitable for her peculiar needs. The Goat-suckers feed almost exclusively on insects which, if not kept down, would destroy all vegetation, and the owls find their task in killing down the small animals whose nocturnal habits stamp them the prey of owls rather than of day-flying birds of prey. Nevertheless, in addition to eagles, and numerous kites and harriers whose business is to keep down the reptile population, Australia has four falcons and nine hawks. One of the commonest and most generally distributed species in New South Wales and Tasmania is the Australian Goshawk, which Gould describes as "a bold, powerful, and most sanguinary species." The settler always has a cartridge ready for this hawk, which is fond of lurking about the poultry-yard on the chance of picking up fowls. Another common species is the Brown Hawk, considered by the colonists, says Gould, one of the pests of the country; they observe the bird only in the act of stealing chickens. Gould, however, came to the conclusion that this hawk did far more good than harm, as its chief food consists of carrion, reptiles, and insects. When caterpillars infest the young herbage, these hawks come together to devour them, thereby rendering the farmers a service they, in justice, should consider when painting the Brown Hawk's character. Mr. Gould mentions having seen as many as forty of these hawks together on one tree, so numerous are they.



AUSTRALIAN SPOTTED GOAT-SUCKERS.

Photographs by Wilson, Aberdeen

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



A CHAT WITH AN EEL-CATCHER.

We were on the river some few miles above the small Northern cathedral city where we resided. From early morning we had been on the water, as was our custom on fine Sundays in summer, and a mile or so below Benningborough encountered another boat. Its occupant, the eel-catcher, was busily engaged in hauling up a line. When this was accomplished, an eel-trap appeared. Taking off the cover, he threw something into the trap, dropped the latter into the water, rapidly "waggled" his boat thirty yards farther on, and repeated the operation at a fresh spot. As I watched him, slowly sculling after his boat, it suddenly dawned on me that he was the man to whom I had presented various old newspapers and magazines last autumn. I therefore hailed him. "What are you up to hauling in those lines and throwing things into the traps?"

"I'm feeding the eels as is in 'em with worms. You see, I only empties traps once a day, so t' eels wants feeding; they doesn't bite much daytime, only a few; most of 'em gets caught at night."

"But how on earth do you know where the traps are?"

"See that bit o' twig stuck in mud there, sir? Well, that's where my next trap be. How far does I go? Oh, I works from Selby to Bridgeborough. Generally, I has traps out over half-a-mile at a time, but packet coming washes 'em away sometime; this 'un be shifted, shall have to use t' hook to him."

Stooping down in his boat, he produced a grappling-iron, with which he proceeded to drag the bottom of the river opposite his twig. "Got 'im!" he exclaimed triumphantly at the end of a minute, as the trap appeared to view.

"Bait, sir? Why, worms, of course. Yes, getting 'im did use to be a bit of a noosance till a gen'lman told me to take 'em off t' lawn-tennis



AN EEL-CATCHER.

ground against t' city station. So I goes there once a-week, in evening, and there they always is, quarts of 'm. I get a good lot, and keeps 'em here for t' week"—lifting as he spoke a sack, and revealing a box of earth with writhing tails or heads, and a very pronounced and decidedly unsavoury odour.

"Sometimes they don't keep well; this week there be lots on 'em dead. See, I thread 'm on wire; no, not crosswise, sir, but longways, from end to end."

And he held up to our astonished and disgusted gaze a loop of wire about two feet long, on which three or four unhappy worms were threaded lengthways.

"Hurt 'em? No, I 'spects not," in answer to the horrified exclamation of my wife; "see, their spine's run through, although they lives a day or two after—at least, these was threaded yesterday, and they's wriggling still. No, they're mostly little eels as I catches; biggest I caught this year was against t' railway bridge yonder; he weighed 2½ lb. Mostly I sends 'em away to Lunnun: they always wants eel-pies there. Seven shillings a stone is what I gets for 'em, and it's a bad morning when I don't catch a stone. Had a good time selling 'em last Sunday. They angling chaps was up river, and they likes to buy 'em. As bait? No fear, sir; they puts 'em in basket and says they caught 'em. Worst o't is, they all wants big 'uns. However, I tells 'em these be the biggest I got, and then they takes 'em. Didn't tell 'em I caught the 2½ lb. 'un. Wot do I do in winter? Oh, anything. Any odd jobs as comes. My missis kept a public last year, but it didn't pay—lost £150 over 't. Yes, the boats do cost summat; this big 'un I picked up from t' other chap for £1; but then I had to build a house on 't, and last year t' rain came in through roof, so I did 'un up in winter, and now she don't let in a drop. T' other 'un I bought new, cost me £5. Yes, I make all the traps mis'sen, mostly in winter. How does I get boat moved up river? Hitches on to packet or else tows; but it ain't work for a man, it's 'osses' work. Yes, I'm going through lock to-morrow, and then work away up to Bridgeborough; be back here in six weeks' time. Want to take my photo? Right, sir. Perhaps you'll gie me one; leave it with the ferryman at Monkton, addressed to me. Won't put it in the *P'leece News*, will you, sir?"

"MIL'KO! MIL'KO!—MIL'UK! MIL'UK!"

When Madame Emile Zola, on her visit to London a few years ago, was asked by an inquisitive interviewer what had most impressed her in the great Metropolis, she answered, without a moment's hesitation, "The excellent quality of the milk," adding that the purity of this particular aliment in the gay centre across the Straits left a very great deal to be desired. This favourable opinion of London milk (writes a *Sketch* representative) was endorsed by Mr. George Barhan, the manager of the Dairy Supply Company, when I surprised him the other morning in Museum Street.

"No city," said he, "in this wide world can boast of a milk-supply so rich and pure as that of London."

Considering what London milk was like less than twenty years ago, it is very gratifying to be able to place on record statements such as these, coming from such persons as they do. Mr. Barhan is one of the most reliable authorities living on the subject of dairy-produce. Madame Emile Zola keeps her own cows at Médan, and, having ample opportunity to sample both the article from her farm and that supplied in Parisian shops, is, no doubt, a first-rate judge of what milk is.

This satisfactory state of affairs as regards our country is due in part to the law dealing with the adulteration of food and the energy with which that law has been applied; but the great dairy companies which have burst into existence of late years have also contributed, and in no small degree, to bring about the improvement. Take, for example, the company I have mentioned. In the course of last year alone they analysed no less than twelve thousand samples with satisfactory results.

The principal homes of what is known as London milk are Somersetshire, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Buckinghamshire, Wiltshire, Staffordshire, Oxfordshire. These counties supply milk of the richest quality. A poorer article is received from Essex. Curiously, very little comes from Devonshire, where almost the entire yield is turned into soft-cheese, butter, or cream. America and Canada having effectually ruined the hard-cheese industry of England, and Denmark having struck a fatal blow at butter, the British farmer nowadays gives his attention only to churning the last-named article and to the manufacture of Cheshire, Cheddar, and Stilton, when he fails to get rid of his milk.

Without consulting the great railway companies and plunging into tedious statistics, it would be impossible to give anything like an accurate idea of how much milk is required daily for the use of this great city, because the supply comes partly by rail, and is driven partly in by carts, while some is drawn from cows kept within the Metropolis. No doubt ninety-nine out of every hundred gallons is conveyed to town by rail. The Dairy Supply Company, but one of several similar enterprises, sends out no less than 15,000 gallons of milk every twenty-four hours.

Milk leaves the cow at a temperature of 98 degrees. Well-water, which is used to cool the aliment, by being made to gently trickle down on the outside of a vessel through which it passes before finding place in the travelling-churn, has a normal temperature of 54 degrees. If properly refrigerated before quitting the farm of origin, milk will come any distance without deterioration, on condition that, when drawn from the cow at sunset, it reaches London so as to be handled by four o'clock in the morning; or when taken from the animal at sunrise, or thereabouts, it comes to hand by noon. The main supply, particularly in the heat of summer, is brought to town at night. What we pour into our tea or coffee at breakfast is from the milking of the previous evening.

Although some of this popular aliment of our immense population arrives at the Metropolitan termini along with passengers coming to town, the vast mass gets there in special milk-trains. Met at the different stations by the carts of the consignees, the milk is at once distributed to their customers, and by half-past seven is in the hands of the consumers, to whom it is generally conveyed by those small pony-traps or perambulators with which all Londoners are familiar. It would be a mistake to suppose that the Irish milk-girl, with yoke and pails, has entirely disappeared from the scene. Some of the big dairies Westward deliver the whole of their milk by her intermediary.

The railway companies carry this article at a very low rate, but take no risk of any kind; so that should half-a-dozen churns, more or less, one of which may hold as much as sixty-eight quarts, or eight barn-gallons, happen to go astray, and come to hand two days late, with the contents fit only for the hogs'-trough, the entire loss would fall on the consignee, unless it could be established that there had been wilful negligence. Fortunately, such accidents are rare.

As a business, the retail dairy, at first sight, seems one of the best. The gross profits amount to a hundred per cent, in the sense that what is purchased for twopence is disposed of again for fourpence: but, then, waste, expenses, irrecoverable accounts, must be considered. Small men in poor neighbourhoods, particularly, are almost invariably handicapped with debts. They are obliged to give credit to secure custom.

In this particular branch of farm-produce there is no need to fear foreign competition. Milk cannot come from abroad unless subjected to one of three methods of preservation. It must be pickled, treated by heat, or frozen; and, although all these systems for preserving the precious aliment would be excusable enough were one obliged to resort to them, it is obvious that it would be rank folly to consume milk that has been manipulated in any way whatsoever when the fresh and pure article is readily obtained at no greater outlay than fourpence the quart. There is an ample supply of new milk in our own country to meet any demand, and the farmers would be delighted to dispose of the surplus quantity, which is now converted into butter and cheese at a very trifling profit, were there to be a call for it.

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TOMMY ATKINS—HIS MUSCLE.

In the good old days, before the invention of gunpowder, scientific skill was a smaller factor in the fate of armies than it is to-day; every knight and archer and crossbow-man relied largely on the sinews of his good right arm when the shock of battle came. But all this was changed by the advent of gunpowder. In long-distance fighting it was very naturally thought that the qualities which were necessary in hand-to-hand combats were no longer required, and hence the neglect of muscular development among fighting-men. At last a revival of gymnastics set in on the Continent, Prussia and Sweden leading the way. But England, conservative and insular as usual, held back, and it was not until 1860 that a beginning was made in the development of military muscle.

It was at Aldershot that the first gymnasium of the British Army was built, in 1861; it is at Aldershot that the headquarters of military gymnasia are still to be found. The original building was superseded four years ago, when the present noble structure, which is the finest gymnasium in the world, was first brought into active use. Here everything in the shape of apparatus capable of developing muscle is in constant use, wisely directed by the competent knowledge of the Inspector of Gymnasia, Lieut.-Colonel Hon. J. Scott Napier, and his colleagues, Captain W. Edgeworth-Johnstone and Sergeant-Major W. Palmer.

A comprehensive course of gymnastics is now an essential and compulsory part of the training of every soldier in the British Army; and the value of that course in the development of muscle and the consequent power to endure the fatigue of long marches and protracted service in the field has been demonstrated beyond dispute. When the recruit enters the gymnasium, he has to undergo careful measurement, and that measurement is repeated at the end of the course. The muscular development which the stern logic of figures substantiates in nearly every case is often so abnormal as to be beyond belief. So far as gymnastics pure and simple are concerned, it may be said that the training of the infantry soldier is more thorough than that of the cavalry. The

horse-soldier's course is limited, as regards the gymnasium, to an hour a day for two months, but it should not be forgotten that the arduous exercises he has to go through on horseback fully compensate for any seeming deficiency in gymnastic training. On the other hand, soldiers of the Line remain under instruction so long as they continue at the dépôt, and after joining their regiment they have to go through a further course

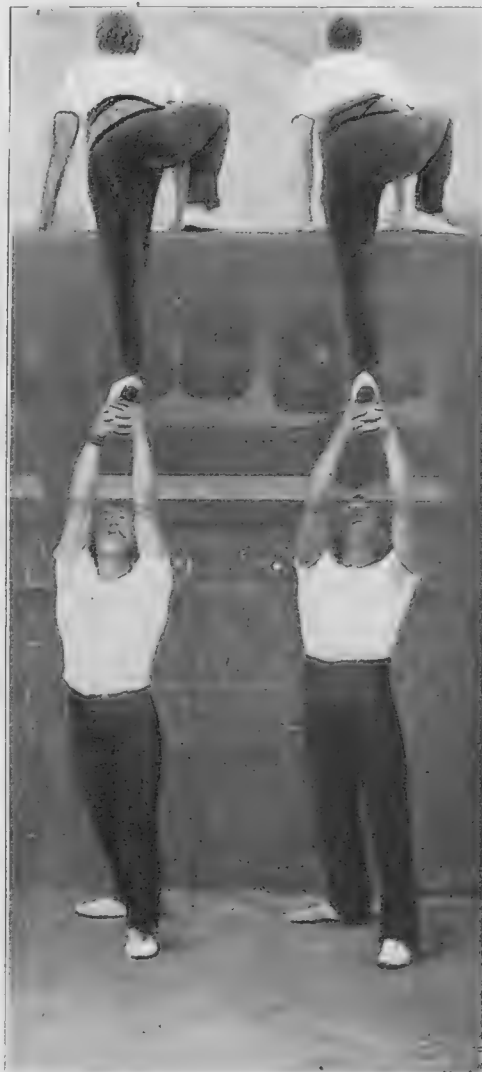
of ten weeks, with which nothing but musketry drill is allowed to interfere.

Military gymnastics may be comprehended under three heads. First on the list comes "free gymnastics"—that is, exercises for various parts of the body without any apparatus. The second stage embraces gymnastics with movable apparatus, such as dumbbells and Indian clubs. Under the third division are included exercises with fixed apparatus, which comprise the horizontal bar, parallel bars, the vaulting-horse, &c. Two of the illustrations here show how Tommy is taught to scale a wall. In the Aldershot Gymnasium, a wide shelf, fixed some ten feet from the ground, is used instead of a wall, and the problem to be solved is how to reach this shelf without any assistance other than soldiers can afford each other. One man stands with his back to the wall, bends his knees slightly, lowers both his hands to the

full extension of his arms, and then interlaces his fingers so as to form a stirrup. The second soldier now advances, places a hand on each shoulder of his comrade, lifts his left foot into the stirrup formed by the other's hands, and by straightening himself up is thus enabled to grasp the edge of the shelf. How the movement is completed is illustrated by the photograph of the second position. The soldier with his back to the wall gradually straightens himself up, all the time elevating to the utmost of his strength the comrade who is making the ascent. Now comes the problem of the ascent of the one who is below. He who has gained the summit lies flat on the wall, and, grasping the opposite coping with his right hand and the heel of his right foot, lowers his left hand as far down as possible to furnish his comrade with a kind of living vertical rope. So are obstacles surmounted and daring victories won.



HOW TOMMY IS TAUGHT TO GET OVER THE GARDEN WALL.



CLASS AT DUMB-BELL EXERCISE.



EXERCISE ON THE IRON BAR.



BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUDS, LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, W.

IN THE CORNFIELD.

Harvest-time is a season of joy, especially when, as in the present year, it is blessed with plenty of sunshine and such glorious crops. Even the farmer, usually so slow to acknowledge anything "good," is reporting that all cereal crops are above the average, and that the wheat is upstanding, strong in straw, with a large head—indeed, "very good."

The field-labourers, with their families, share in the joy, for, notwithstanding improved mechanical appliances, there is still much manual work, and mingled with the lively click of the self-binder there is the swish of the scythe and the rasp of the cycle. The "reaper" will not go everywhere: for instance, barley has a habit of lodging, and, after a rain-storm, lies so near the ground that a machine would chop up all the ears. So men are employed to cut the fallen corn, also to follow the self-binder and set up the sheaves that they may dry and harden, to load the creaking wain, and, if the elevator carries the sheaves aloft, the men must build the rick and thatch it, both operations requiring much skill and judgment. The builder and the thatcher are proud of their work, and may be seen walking round and admiring both their own and other people's handiwork. The self-binder is an American introduction, but many machines are now built by English firms. It



MOWING AND BINDING.

then continues to work round until the centre of the field is reached. This has the effect of driving the ground-game together; for as the machine advances they retreat, until the space grows so small there is no cover left, and they are obliged to bolt. This is what the men and boys have been looking for, and a lively scene ensues. Hares and birds are allowed to escape, but the rabbit is considered fair game. When he runs the chase begins; shouting and laughing, they follow him.

Now, if the animal did but put his best pace on and go straight for the hedge, he would generally escape; but, foolishly, he dodges here and there, or tries to hide in the sheaves, which is just what his pursuers wish; they are soon close up, and the creature begins to scream, until, out of breath, he gives up the struggle, is promptly seized and his neck broken. Of course, this can only be done when the occupier has the right to the ground-game; on closely preserved estates, a keeper will be present to see that his charges have fair play. He will now be able to estimate what the prospects for "the First" are like. Up to this

time the birds have been hidden in the corn, and he has only caught occasional glimpses of them as they flitted from one field to another; now he has them in full view on the stubble, and this year has a good report to make, for game is plentiful everywhere.

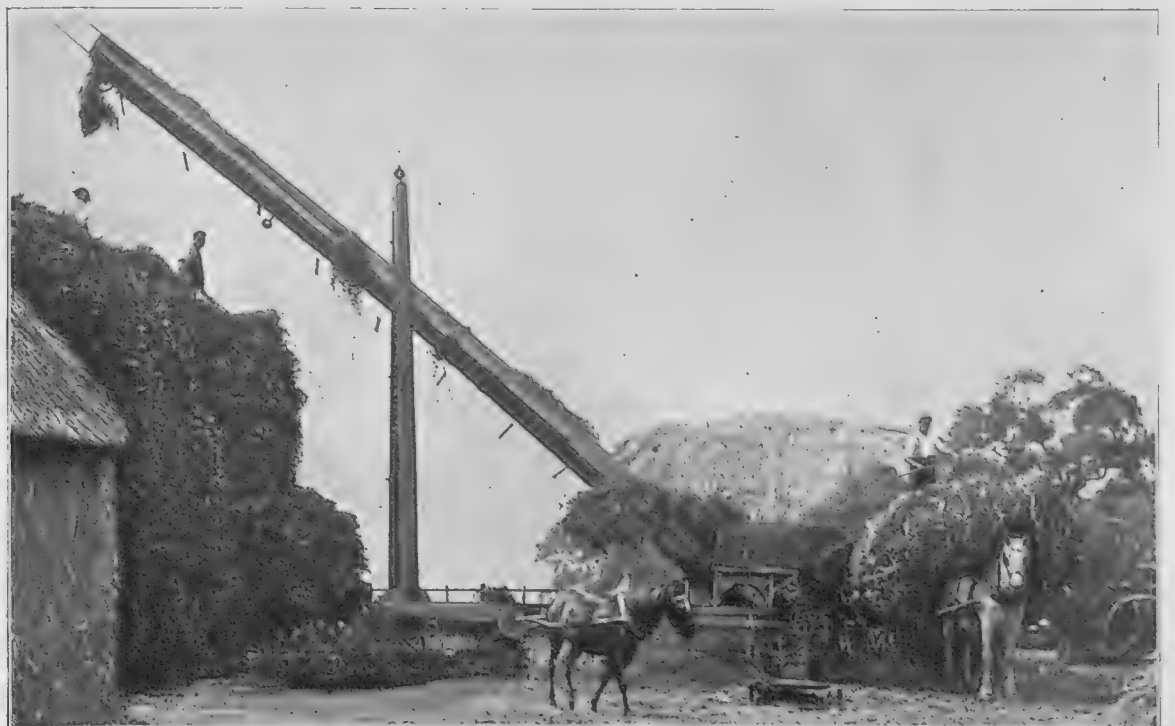
J. T. N.



A PAIR OF SELF-BINDERS CUTTING WHEAT.

is a marvel of ingenuity, for consider what it has to do—cut the corn at various heights from the ground, according to the nature of the crop. This is done by a series of wedge-shaped knives working to and fro at great speed between a row of steel forks. The corn then falls into a canvas sheet travelling on rollers, which carry it up and over to the other side of the machine. Here it is taken by a pair of steel arms, which collect it until there is sufficient to make a sheaf. The pressure of the corn then releases a spring, which puts in action the shuttle carrying the string which is wound round the sheaf. A finger of steel pushes the string through a loop, another pulls it tight. The knot is tied, a knife cuts the string, and on the instant the bundle is pitched off. Meanwhile the whole machine is travelling over the ground at a brisk pace. The wheel which carries the weight also transmits the power to drive all the other machinery. The self-binder is drawn by three horses abreast, or two wheelers and a leader, ridden postilion fashion. These animals must be powerful, for the work is hard, and is carried on from early dawn to dewy eve, with the exception of an interval of two hours at midday.

The machine first makes a complete circuit of the field, and



THE ELEVATOR.

Photographs by Newman, Berkhamstead.

THE SUMMER GIRL

The Summer Girl is a type, not a class. She appears at the fall of spring, and retires when autumn rings the knell of summer—a passing sunbeam, with the illusion of a shadow. She robs the summer of its beauty and shines with the iridescence of a rainbow shattered into a million fragments. Her life is ephemeral, her existence known to all men. Alas! what man has not loved the Summer Girl? In America she has achieved social observation. In England she has become the summer democrat. Men swear by the Summer Girl—to the ruin of themselves. Men love her, to the ruin of their peace. She is the same to all men. Without heart, with a pretty face, tender, affectionate, till the chapter closes. She has the innocence of great experience, the frank tact of many skirmishes. Summer is her season of conquest, and, with the amphibious instincts of a duck, she haunts the watering-places. With the close of summer she retires to the conventional inanities of the middle classes, and no one knows her. When the summer asserts itself, she is back, but no Phyllis was more forgetful of her swains. It is that she is the other of a duplication.

By the silver sea, clad in inexpensive muslins, with the ripple of music in her voice, the grace of Hebe in her limbs, she achieves the personification of perfection. She has the fascination of a blank tragedy with the delightful spontaneity of an epic. It is a pleasure to flounder into the pitfalls of her acquaintance. To be her slave for a season is to cherish her memory for ever. The irresistible expansiveness of the Summer Girl is an open secret. All men worship her. She adores all men. Men show her how to indulge in their pastimes. She loves to be shown—she makes haste to forget. There is something rather splendid in her *camaraderie*. The present friend is a pleasant friend. She elevates him from an actual necessity to the position of a *pièce de résistance*. No one has as yet discovered a twin to the Summer Girl in one season. No man has had the time.

Nothing comes amiss to her. Season after season she has reigned, and her realm is *par excellence* her own. In summer she is at the zenith of her power, and she wields it. She inculcates no moral, she dissipates many. She is as near heaven as the mere man thinks it necessary to aspire. She is heart-whole, but she regards it as her sacred right to be responsive. She is practical because it serves her ends. Her consideration is immense. She does not allow reflection. Her good-temper is the gift of the veriest fairy. She has a weakness: she is never happy until she has her keepsake. She is so teetotal that she drinks champagne like water, and smokes her first cigarette with the experience of many hundreds. She will not flirt. For all time each affair is *serious*, and for the end there are others. She coquettes with freedom; she reciprocates with avidity. She is a manifold surprise to herself, for she finds novelty in repetition. The Summer Girl has the glory of the flower-garden. The love-rose touches her cheek; the scarlet poppy reveals itself on her lips. She has the semblance of the seven deadly sins, the subtleties of Paris, and the equivocalities of Paradise. Her virtues are enigmas, tantalising, vivific, but they remain virtues.

She is a daughter of the gods, for she is a child of summer, with her beauty, with her gaiety, with her vitality. She is the mainstay of the overworked and lovelorn. Though her season be brief, her vigour is perennial. While she is the world wags, and holidays are charming. She is the incident that no man mentions and all men anticipate.



A NEW ZEALAND SUMMER GIRL.
Photo by Hastings.

LUNATIC JOURNALISM.

Few people are aware that there exist in this country two newspapers written by and for the inmates of lunatic asylums. One is called the *Morningside Mirror*, and represents the literary output of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum for the Insane. The other bears the curious title of the *New Moon*, with the cumbersome alternative of the *Crichton Royal Institution Literary Register*. The Crichton Institution is a large establishment near Dumfries.

The *Morningside Mirror* is a small sheet of eight pages. At a yard's distance you might take it for a tract. It is strong in verse, and travel is well represented in the *Mirror*. One of the contributors has a pretty humour. He arrived at Rio when the civil war was at its height, "and the Brazilian forces, split in two, were busy murdering each other for the glory of God and the happiness of their country." The same gentleman, who might, in happier circumstances, have proved a serious rival to Mr. Jerome, writes of the voyage—

Such a scene on board! We had 700 passengers, and 650 of them, at least, sea-sick at the one time. They lay all over the ship, above and below. Many could make no effort to get to their berths, but lay like warriors taking their rest with their martial cloaks around them. Well, if they hadn't cloaks, they had rugs and blankets. There were two distinct genera of the sea-sick species. One was the offensive kind, and the other the inoffensive. The offensive genus spewed all over himself and his neighbour, and the berth or sofa, or anywhere he might be lying. He groaned and grunted, and shouted "Steward!" and made himself a general nuisance. The inoffensive genus simply shut up. He lay motionless, with eyes closed, apparently without breathing. You might stamp upon him, he raises no protest; doesn't even withdraw the injured member. If you had thrown him overboard he would have been only too glad to be released of his misery.

Another gentleman is fond of moralising, but he found sympathy lacking at Londonderry—

As I thought of the terrible scenes of carnage and suffering that were then enacted, I could not but cherish the hope that such may not again be experienced, and, parodying the words of Burns, that—

"Man to man all Ireland o'er
May brithers be for a' that."

I expressed a wish of this kind to the man who showed me the mementoes of the siege, but he did not quite seem to agree with me, for he shook his head and gave me a leering look, as if to intimate that he would not regard a jolly fight as the greatest calamity that could befall Ireland.

If I may say it without offence, journalism has reached a much higher stage of development at Dumfries than at Morningside. The "Burns Centenary Number" of the *New Moon*—a sporting contributor reveals, in the course of his article, that "the editor is quite gone on Burns at present"—is a gorgeous production, tastefully got up and copiously illustrated with engravings of photographs taken by inmates of the institution. Their lucid intervals are many. One finds in the magazine excellent articles on "The New Photography" (mysteriously signed in small letters "t. j.") and on "Lord Kelvin's Jubilee." There are two capital little stories; you will find worse in many a well-known journal. Room is found for no less than eight poems—none to the Khan of Tartary, but one to Semiramis—

Thy fame, great daughter of the stars,
Still dominates my heart;

and one to Shakspeare. And for Summer Number madness, this is not bad—

Now you are mine, what is there left to pray
Of the high gods, since you and love combine
To make this earth a paradise for me,
Turning life's sordid cares to joy divine:
Now you are mine.

"Electra" is an interesting patient who, though one of her wits may have strayed, has still enough left to write "A Dialogue on Truth." Celia, it seems, has afternoon tea at Diogenes' Tub, Belgravia. "One or two lumps?" asks Diogenes. "Thank you, two," says Celia; "one seems so lonely." Afterwards they get into very deep waters—

CELIA. Certainly truth can hardly be complex, for complexity is a riddle, but the simple is a mystery, and truth is surely not mysterious.

DIOG. The simple truth is very often mysterious, because it is not only profound, but people rarely believe in simplicity, and look to a complexity of motive, the riddle of which they may unweave. That is the natural complexity of that human mechanism called the mind, which, as often as not, lets the pure gold slip through the meshes and retains the rubbishy dross.

One gleans from the *New Moon* many interesting details of the life of the staff. One learns that a number of them are holiday-making at Kinmount, where "the coverts afford good chances to a sportsman, such as Mr. H., for instance." Who is this Mr. H. that his fame should be thus bruited abroad? One grieves to observe that during a game of croquet "one of our best players and gentlest of gentlemen forgot himself; but he is rather absent-minded, and could hardly credit his own mistake. The editor of the *New Moon* said it was a mistake; he was saying something about 'Tam o' Shanter,' so it was forgiven."

Bowls is a serious rival to croquet at Crichton. The ladies are taking to it, "and our matrons are becoming champion players." There are, however, no lady cyclists, though several of the gentlemen know the uses of a tyre. In the great match with the Burns Cricket Club the Crichtonians lost; but they made up for that reverse by handsomely beating the team from Morningside Asylum (the home of the *Mirror*).

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that both these magazines are edited by resident doctors, whose waste-paper baskets could many a strange tale unfold. One may presume that the pathetic folks of Dumfries and Morningside do not always confine their literary activities to such normal topics as Robert Burns and the Röntgen rays.

R. B.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE THEATRES.

With a many-sided, interesting, and curious personality, Miss Olga Nethersole is singularly well-fitted to create the rôle of the Lady Beatrix of Moya in "The Termagant," in which Mr. Parker has given us a delightful character, a romantic and poetic Katharinish beauty, but one so real, so human, and so passionate that she is soon subdued by love alone. What actress can boast of having made a name on both sides of the Atlantic and in Australia within ten years of her début? Yet that has been done by Miss Nethersole, and with many years to spare, for she made her first professional appearance in 1887, an unsophisticated girl of eighteen, and two years later made a great success with Mr. Hare at the Garrick. She is the daughter of a solicitor, and was born in Kensington, but it is probably from her beautiful Spanish mother that she inherits her talents, and even as a tiny child one of her greatest pleasures used to be to get any visitor's clothes, and, dressing up in them, steal quietly to the drawing-room, and there imitate them in walk, voice, and manner before her much-shocked parents and amused guests. However, her histrionic proclivities received no encouragement at home, and when, before she was sixteen, a reverse of fortune's wheel made it necessary that she should "turn out in the world," she went to Germany to teach English, all the time plotting and planning to get home and to be an actress. During her holidays she acted much with amateurs (including a distinguished contributor to *The Sketch*), one appearance of some importance being at the Colney Hatch Asylum in "Leave it to Me," and she was seen by one of our leading actors and his wife, who persuaded her to adopt the stage professionally, and won for her the consent of her family to the step.

Her début was made in Brighton, in 1887, as Lettice Vane in "Harvest," under Mr. Charles Hawtrey, and, after fifteen months' work in the provinces, she came to the Adelphi to play Ruth Medway in "The Union Jack," after which she played in "The Dean's Daughter," at the St. James's, with immense success, returning to the Adelphi in December for Lola Hernandez in "The Silver Falls," and the following April (1889) she joined Mr. John Hare at the Garrick for "The Profligate." Then, feeling she needed more work and wider experience, she went to the Antipodes and spent twelve months in Victoria, New South Wales, South Australia, and Tasmania, her repertoire being "Moths," "The Idler," "A Scrap of Paper," "A Village Priest," "The Profligate," and other plays, and on her return went to the Garrick to create the part of Mrs. Selwyn in "A Fool's Paradise." Then came her *Mercede da Vigno* in "The Silent Battle," at the Criterion, a performance which was at once the talk of the town. This was in January 1893, and the following month Miss Nethersole returned to the Garrick to be the Countess Zicka in the revival of "Diplomacy," and from there she went to the Court to create

the rôle of Sylvia Woodville in "The Transgressor," a part she enjoyed immensely, for she was longing for a sympathetic rôle. Then she went to America, and there created a furore wherever she went, playing Camille, Denise, Frou-Frou, and Juliet, and then creating her much-talked-of Carmen, returning to London to take up the part of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" at the Garrick, and then to show us her *Gitana*, a clever if unpleasing performance.



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE, WHO OPENS AT HER MAJESTY'S WITH "THE TERMAGANT" TO-MORROW.
Photo by Taber, Dover Street, W.

Miss Nethersole is a brilliant conversationalist, a lover of prettinesses and homelike femininities, and a bright and happy woman; yet she is a pessimist of the deepest dye, with a morbid nature, and, for this latter reason, feels that her forte is not in comedy. She is also an athletic woman, devoted to the open air and the quiet of the country, and is fond of dogs, especially her collie Barrie, who is named after the famous novelist and playwright. She cycles in "rationals."

I understand that a tour is being arranged of Dr. George H. R. Dabbs's romantic drama, "The Blind Singer," which was produced in April at a *matinée* at the Comedy Theatre. The part of Ida, the blind singer of the title, then sustained by Miss Madge McIntosh, at present doing excellent work with Mr. Ben Greet, will be filled by Miss Anna Mather, a young actress of striking personality and versatile talents, whose Constance in Browning's "In a Balcony," for instance, I regard as a really remarkable achievement. I should like to see Miss Mather play lead in "the legitimate" in the West-End.

Miss Decima Moore is making a charming Winifred Grey with Mr. George Edwardes's "A Runaway Girl" company on tour. Miss Daisy Baldry is also a prominent member of the company. I note also Mr. F. B. Ranalow, a bass or basso-baritone, who received his first chances in oratorio and concert work from Mr. Robert Newman at Queen's Hall. Mr. Newman's arrangements for his new series of Promenade Concerts prove conclusively the energy and intelligence which he brings to bear upon even the lightest of his musical labours at Queen's Hall, where he, aided by Mr. Henry J. Wood and a superb orchestra, is doing work of the highest excellence.

On the production at the Camberwell Métropole of Mr. Henry Hamilton's version of "The Three Musketeers," besides the most interesting appearances of Mr. Lewis Waller as D'Artagnan, his wife, Miss Florence West (sister of Mrs. Clement Scott), as Miladi, Miss Kate Rorke as Anne of Austria, and other such clever performers as Mr. Bassett Roe, Mr. Hamilton Knight, and Mr. Alexander Calvert, I shall note with particular keenness the performance of Gabrielle de Chalus by Miss Constance Wirdett. Miss Wirdett, a very accomplished girl, carried off the prize for reciting last year at the Polytechnic School of Elocution, when Mr. Waller and Miss Kate Rorke were joint examiners, and to this, no doubt, she owes her present engagement. I remember Miss Rorke's kind words of encouragement to Miss Wirdett at the time.



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.
Photo by Gudeon and Enwright, Cleveland, Ohio.

MISS ELLEN TERRY AT FULHAM.

Miss Ellen Terry celebrated the anniversary of the opening of the Grand Theatre, Fulham, by appearing as Desdemona and Pauline. From the rhymed address, written for the occasion, it would seem that the success of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's recent *matinée* at Mr. Henderson's charming playhouse inspired the manager with the idea of securing a visit from the leading actress of the English-speaking stage, even though Sir Henry Irving's engagements forbade the inclusion of Fulham in the regular autumn tour of the Lyceum company, and it was certainly a happy thought to give playgoers the chance of making or renewing acquaintance with two of the most winning of Miss Terry's earlier impersonations, Desdemona and Pauline Deschappelles. If I mistake not, Miss Terry has not been seen in London as "the hapless lady married to the Moor" since the run of "Othello" at the Lyceum in 1881, when Sir Henry Irving and the American tragedian, the late Edwin Booth, alternated the rôles of Othello and Iago night by night. And for Miss Terry's Pauline the memory must travel yet farther back into the annals of the Lyceum. For Ellen Terry herself, however, a thousand days seem verily as one, and in the lapse of but that single day it was not possible that the younger generation of playgoers should have missed aught of the beauty of the earlier performance. Nay, the gain

"AS A MAN SOWS," AT ISLINGTON.

The fortunes of plays have been made before now by one great scene. But the instances must be rare. Napoleonic concentration scarcely accords with the methods of the drama, in which exposition, development, and culmination are the primary requisites. "As a Man Sows," which was produced at the Grand Theatre, Islington, last week, has one very theatrically effective act. It is theatrical, it is stagey, but it gives some thrilling moments, and that goes for a great deal in the theatre. The authors, Mrs. Alicia Ramsey and Mr. Rudolph de Cordova, have put their best work into this third act, for which they well deserve the praise it will certainly secure. The story of the play is not wholly unfamiliar. Fairfax Vynning, a successful novelist and also a drunkard, has met and loved Felicity Hardyng, a loyal and impulsive young woman of fortune. Mistrustful of himself and unselfish in his love, he will not jeopardise her happiness by asking her to marry him. He is leaving her for ever, when Felicity, who is of the Shaksperian sisterhood, tells him of her love. Her brother Felix gets at cross-purposes with a foolish young gentleman, another of Felicity's lovers, and, while relating the amours of a precocious school-chum, gives unconsciously the right account of his sister's engagement to the novelist. This comes to the knowledge of the Earl of Carsbrook (also a suitor of Felicity), a peer of violent temperament and ill-considered actions. He twists the proposal



DAN LENO REHEARSES A NEW PART WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Photographs by Mrs. Barton, The Grove, Wishaw, Birmingham.

was on the latter-day side, for at Fulham Miss Terry was her own manager for once, and was free to retain the exquisite Willow scene, in which the grief-stricken yet still loving wife sounds the note of on-coming doom and unwittingly sings her own dirge. This scene was played by Miss Terry with poignant effect. The nobility of Desdemona's young ideals, as half-revealed in her talk with Emilia on wifely duty, her mournful self-abandonment to misery if indeed her husband's love be lost, and all the pathos of her helpless innocence, were realised with exquisite tenderness and truth, and Miss Terry's wistful crooning of the "Willow Song" (newly arranged for the revival by Sir Alexander Mackenzie) will long haunt the memory of her audiences. Mr. Frank Cooper's Othello was a performance sufficiently good to make one feel almost ungenerous, in criticising it. Looking extremely picturesque in his Eastern garb, with skin but lightly bronzed, and bearing himself with just the right touch of dignity unspoiled by arrogance, Mr. Cooper played with excellent discretion throughout, and was at times genuinely impressive; but the whirlwind of passion was wanting and the magnificent poetry of the part was frequently far to seek. Mr. Louis Calvert's Iago was altogether too jolly a rogue. We have long since done with the Iago who was an apparent Mephistopheles, but it is going too far to the other extreme to make the man "bubble with fun and good-humour" in order to emphasise his reputation for "honesty" among his victims. Mr. Ben Webster was an excellent Cassio, and Miss Geneviève Ward, of course, played Emilia's one big scene with thrilling intensity.

of Felicity so that it reflects discredit on her and on Fairfax, who repels this accusation, but is not prepared to meet all the Earl's charges—at least, not without notice, which is not given; and the upshot of it all is the breaking-off of the engagement, the estrangement of the lovers, and Fairfax's return to literature and absinthe. He has for some time been on the verge of alcoholic delirium, the absinthe takes him beyond it, and he sees butterflies of "self"-colours, as the drapers say, and loses his memory and his strength, and the doctor says it's a matter of days; and then Felicity calls, and the butterflies change their colours, and we are left to believe that Fairfax recovers, and that the doctor did not know his business. Or, contrariwise, we can infer to the doctor's advantage and Fairfax's imminent decease. The authors have unwisely left the question open, but they have made a greater mistake in over-writing the play beyond all endurance. Next time they should collaborate per prepaid telegrams. Miss Kate Rorke was admirable in her sincerity, loving-kindness, and devotion. In certain characters of pure, warm-hearted, and loyal women, Miss Rorke is without a rival. Mr. Waring played Fairfax with his customary earnestness, and with more *abandon* than is usual with him. Altogether, his performance is one that he may be proud of. Mr. Cecil Ramsey, as the chattering boy, pleased the audience immensely, and refrained from overacting a part which could go alone. As a kindly General, Mr. Beveridge was faultless. Miss Geraldine Olliffe played a lady of society as to the manner born, Miss Henrietta Watson was seen too little of, and the other personages were adequately presented,

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Aug. 31, 7.48; Thursday, Sept. 1, 7.46; Friday, 7.44; Saturday, 7.43; Sunday, 7.41; Monday, 7.39; Tuesday, 7.37.

The silly season warfares in some of the London newspapers are puerile enough, in all conscience, but in the provinces they sometimes



THE IDEAL FORM OF A CYCLE TAX.
Photo by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

reach a stage bordering upon imbecility. Such is the case at present in the West of England, where the Plymouth *Western Morning News* is conducting a pitched battle on a subject which it terms "The Bicycle Terror." On one day alone last week no less than a dozen long-winded communications appeared in the columns of the *Western Morning News*, nearly all the writers of these letters having obviously, as an Irishman said once, "lashed themselves into a boiling-point before they set pen to paper." Naturally, therefore, the correspondence grows more and more verbose and illiterate, and consequently confusing, as it proceeds, though the long-suffering editor has more than once endeavoured, by means of a foot-note, to quell the turmoil seething within the breasts of his uproarious correspondents.

Tautology is at a discount in most of these letters, and the crudest of truisms and most laughable and baldest of statements are set forth in all the "glory" of print, as though they were rare maxims never thought of before and only just discovered. One brilliant upholder of the rights of pedestrians and ardent denouncer of the "iniquitous" conduct of cyclists in general, and of Plymouth cyclists in particular, gravely tells us, for instance, that, "If cyclists were allowed to go about without either lamp or bell, accidents would be a great deal more numerous than they are at present." So startling a revelation is almost too appalling to consider calmly, and anyone but a man of the world must also raise his eyebrows when he is seriously informed by another correspondent that, "What does strike everyone is that the cycle is not greatly increasing as a useful means of locomotion, although every pedestrian knows, to his cost, that it is making rapid strides as an amusement, and that to the danger of our streets, more or less." As a fact, the practice of cycling for amusement is very slowly but steadily decreasing, whereas the popularity of the bicycle as a means of locomotion for business purposes is increasing by leaps and bounds—but that is a detail.

So far, only two sensible letters upon "The Bicycle Terror" have appeared in the *Western Morning News*. The one is signed "Wheelwoman," the other "Sailor," and, oddly enough, both writers mention incidentally that they are merely in Plymouth on a visit. "Sailor" says that he has travelled and "biked" about in various parts of the world and in different districts in England, but that nowhere has he experienced such uniform discourtesy as in Plymouth and the surrounding country, where, he says, the prevailing sentiment seems to be, "'Ere's a stranger; let's 'eave 'arf a brick at 'is 'ead.'" He adds that he is no "scorcher," that, on the contrary, he is a careful rider. "Time alone can cure this West Country detestation of change and novelty," he ends, "which seems to resemble nothing so much as the Chinese hatred of railways and progress generally. Stupidity, begotten of ignorance, seems to be the cause." As a Devonshire man by birth and parentage, I am able fully to corroborate "Sailor's" statement. I know nearly every part of Devonshire almost as well as I know Piccadilly, and I have come across Devonshire men in very many parts of the world. For several years past one fact has been very patent to me, also to many of my acquaintances, namely, that eight out of ten Devonshire men who go into the world rise rapidly in their respective professions, but that barely three out of ten who spend their lives in our picturesque but extraordinarily unenterprising county ever rise above the level of low mediocrity. And this crusade against cyclists in a measure exemplifies my meaning.

The idea of vilifying all cyclists because a few happen to be "scorchers" is, of course, manifestly ridiculous. Nobody detests the *bonâ-fide* scorcher more heartily than I do; but, as persons vicious by nature will be vicious always and everywhere, so will the being born to "bound" remain a "bounder" all his life, and move and speak and behave as a bounder, no matter whether he be afoot, on horseback, or awheel. The sooner, however, the silly people now engaged in writing silly letters about cycling and cyclists stop doing so the better. "C'est une grande misère que de n'avoir pas assez d'esprit pour bien parler," wrote a French philosopher, "ni assez de jugement pour se taire. Voilà la principe de toute impertinence."

The Universal Lights regulations have now become all but universal, one of the latest counties to adopt them being Oxfordshire. The County Council have, in this case, allowed exemption during the summer months to carts and waggons used exclusively for agricultural purposes, and not proceeding beyond a walking pace. The wisdom of this exemption is, I think, open to question. On a dark night a farmer's waggon is quite as invisible as a gentleman's dogcart, and takes up considerably more room. My experience of carters has been that they are for the most part supremely indifferent as to which side of the road they occupy, and never think of drawing to the left until summoned to do so by the violent ringing of the cyclist's bell. The offender may be liable to a fine if a collision occurs and it is proved that he was on his wrong side. But to mulct an offending driver of ten shillings is small consolation to a cyclist who has suffered the fracture of several bones and serious damage to his beloved machine. If the Lights Act is to be adopted, it is much the best that it should be adopted universally, not only in all districts, but for all vehicles without exemption.

A friend of mine, just returned from a cycling tour in Holland, does not speak in high terms of the Dutch roads. They are universally paved with bricks or blocks of stone, which make riding a weariness to the flesh. It is true, however, that there is usually a narrow, sandy path on either side of the pavé, which in many places affords a fair track. The roads in the vicinity of The Hague he reported excellent, but over the greater part of Holland they leave much to be desired. He was struck by the skilfulness and intelligence of the repairers, who are to be found in every town, and who speedily put to rights any damage that befell the machines on these trying roads. I hear that in Belgium the authorities are laying down paths by the side of most of the principal roads, specially for the use of cyclists, which will prove an immense boon in that land of pavé.

My attention has been called to a new feature in saddles, as embodied in a make called the "Esmond." This novel saddle, which is built upon a swinging steel cradle, upon which it moves longitudinally, as well as from side to side, fits perfectly to the rider, and becomes, as it were, a part of the body, thus reducing to a minimum the jolting so commonly experienced when riding upon a rough road with a rigid saddle. It is one of the most comfortable saddles that I have ridden, and should prove an invaluable boon to those who suffer from those bugbears of the cyclist, perineal pressure and saddle-soreness, and, of course, they are legion. The makers are The Esmond Company, Botolph House, Eastcheap.

I am glad to hear that the authorities of the British Museum have now provided stabling accommodation for the machines of cyclists who frequent the Library and Reading-Room. Many of the leading West-End shops have for some time provided these facilities; it is refreshing to learn that our national institutions are also coming up to date.

The season of hedge-clipping has returned, and I ride delicately for fear of a puncture. Yet I will say a good word for the farmers. They are far more considerate than formerly, and, in the majority of cases, readily sweep up the thorns as quickly as possible. So many of the farmers themselves, or their sons and daughters, are cyclists, that they have come to understand the discomfort of a puncture, and "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." There is one type of offender for whom no one can say a good word. I refer to the careless, and often drunken, blackguard who deliberately throws a bottle on the road, and



DEVOTEES OF "THE SKETCH."

breaks it. The danger of broken glass on the highway is not confined to cyclists—horses and dogs suffer also—and there is much sense in the suggestion of a correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury* that it should be part of the duty of the police to see that broken glass is removed from the streets.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Of course the St. Leger will always attract a big crowd to the Doncaster Town Moor, as the good sportsmen of Yorkshire look upon the outing as the one thing not to be missed during the year. The race to be decided this week will be a tame affair, unless there happens to be a Dutch Oven or a Throstle in the field. I think Jeddah will win, and Batt may go very close. In connection with the St. Leger I heard a very funny story the other day. A jockey rode the winner at a long price, and the only present he received was a cabinet photo of the owner's wife. I like to hear of these things, as I consider a jockey strikes a bargain before he starts, and, if he gets the stipulated fee for losing, he should be satisfied with the agreed fee for riding a winner.

We have heard very little about the Autumn Handicaps as yet, and I do not think we shall hear of much genuine speculation taking place over either of the races until the acceptances have been published, and these will be known to the public just prior to the starting of the race for the St. Leger. Major Egerton, who will frame the handicaps, has been laid up; so, by-the-bye, has another old handicapper, Mr. W. J. Ford. Perhaps, under the circumstances, the Major will seek the aid of Mr. Mainwaring in the framing of the weights; the last-named gentleman is a good judge of form, and he is a keen observer of the fitness or otherwise of horses that are running. Mr. Robert P'Anson is another very able handicapper; so is Mr. Ord, who seems to have the cream of the North Country work.

Racing frauds have been a great deal more common of late years than many people think. The invisible-ink trick was played on London book-makers for months before it was found out. Then the signalling dodge, by which winners were backed after the result of the race was known, was worked for all it was worth. When the telephones came into use, the wires were utilised by certain unprincipled rascals to back winners in the suburban clubs, where no tape-machines were fixed; but the latest swindle, by which a race-meeting was actually palmed off on the sporting papers, and was published as genuine, is the boldest of the lot. Those investigating this case ought to have little difficulty in discovering the guilty parties.

It is remarkable how ignorant some literary men are of sporting matters. An article recently published in a leading weekly paper dealing with racing information was all at sea. The writer said that evening papers could not afford to keep a Sporting Editor. As a matter of news, I might mention that the sporting service on a big evening paper puts the morning service entirely in the shade, and the racing matter has to be very well done. First, it takes the combined intelligence of five or six watchers to compile the morning work on the course. Then the arrivals have to be collected from the different training quarters, and all the lot printed and arranged by 9 a.m. The official work consists of collecting the gossip, completing the programmes, and compiling the selections of all the racing papers. The morning-paper prophet seldom sees overnight the horse he tips for a race next day. The evening-paper man has to watch the work, and, further, has to compile a list of the runners.

A great deal has been written of late about turf ruffianism, and, in my opinion, racegoers should be easily able to cope with it. Why does not somebody start a Racing League and make every member of it wear a badge as a sign of his respectability? The members could co-operate in putting down the ruffians. Further, in time the public would decline to do business in the cheap rings with any layer who did not wear the badge. This suggestion, which, by-the-bye, is entirely my own, is, in my opinion, the simplest plan to keep the Turf select, and to rid it of the ruffians who fatten on the greenhorns at present. The Racing League could be worked at a minimum of cost, and it could be made to cover the whole question of registration.

The purveyors of fruit on our racecourses have done well this year, as many busy backers now discard the juice of the grape for the grape itself. Mr. Charley Hannam, the big professional backer, seldom indulges in anything stronger than a claret-cup when he has business to do, and Mr. R. H. Fry, the leviathan layer, draws the line strictly at strawberries, grapes, and ripe William pears when he is on duty. Indeed, Mr. Fry is abstemious in the extreme, and he has often been known to munch a dry crust and sip a glass of cold water before going to dress for dinner. Although a temperance man himself, Mr. Fry sees that his guests get the best brands of wine.

In this column many years ago I suggested that the Jockey Club should appoint practical stewards to act at race-meetings, and I mentioned the late Matthew Dawson as an example of what a steward should be. I still think that trainers and owners should be eligible to act as stewards, regardless of any social qualification, just as working-men are now allowed to act as magistrates. It does not follow that our noblemen have a monopoly of the racing knowledge. Indeed, among the rank-and-file many good men could be selected capable of deciding the most puzzling racing question. Further, the stewards ought to be chosen on the spot, to make sure of their doing their work.

CAPTAIN COE.

HUNTING THE CHAMOIS.

French books on sport are not very numerous, but when they do appear they are usually good. Comte Hector Tredicini's "La Chasse au Chamois" (Didot, Paris) is no exception to the rule. The chamois is one of those animals which, appealing to popular fancy, has been so wreathed about with popular legend that a good many mistaken ideas are afloat concerning him. Mr. Baillie Grohman, in his "Sport in the Alps," did something to dissipate these misconceptions, and Comte Hector does more; he has studied the most active and alert of European game for years, not invariably over his rifle-sights, and what he has to tell has the ring of accuracy.

The chamois in France is badly treated by the Legislature; it is any man's game all the year round, the Departmental authorities who regulate these matters evidently being of opinion that so wary a beast can take care of itself. That this is a mistake would appear from the fact that, twenty years ago, a good authority estimated the number of chamois in the Province of Dauphiné at sixty thousand; Count Hector undertakes to say that now there are not more than two thousand head on the mountains. Fair chamois-hunting, in contradistinction to "driving," is hard work for any save the born mountaineer, but mountaineers in Dauphiné are many, and the storm is the chamois' only protector. Happier is his lot in parts of Switzerland: in some districts the chamois is absolutely protected for a term of years, and in others the shooting season lasts only six weeks in each year.

If any animal can take care of itself it is the chamois. Comte Hector says it can distinguish between the noise made by the fall of a stone loosened by thaw and that caused by a stone kicked over the precipice by a human foot; the slight click of a nailed boot or alpenstock point no doubt giving it the needful hint. Like other hill game, it has excellent sight, and takes alarm at the movement of a distant tuft of grass if moved against the wind by the sportsman. Almost as cunning as the fox, the chamois when pursued by dogs sometimes adopts the fox's trick of mingling with a flock of sheep to throw the dogs off its scent, a manœuvre which, however, usually fails in the chamois' case, its scent being very strong.

The manufacturer of chamois legends certainly has an accommodating subject to work up. The author has seen a doe chamois, on being fired at, take a standing leap upwards of four and a-half metres, or about five times her own height; another time one jumped fifteen metres down upon a stone shoot, and galloped away to the bottom none the worse of the drop. Its strength of limb and muscle is marvellous for an animal whose maximum weight is only eighty pounds, but one cannot help thinking that the dying chamois which, with one kick, sent a *valet de chiens* ten paces must have had very sloping ground in its favour!

Comte Hector deals with every phase of his subject—stalking, driving, the peculiar methods of coursing with dogs often employed in the French Alps, and also with the natural history of the chamois. His little book is a model in its way, pleasantly and modestly written, and packed full of anecdote and fact. The illustrations are generally good and well chosen.

CRICKET IN SAMOA.

In a pretty little house at Kensington may be seen the original of a native proclamation against cricket issued by King Malietoa in 1890—a unique curiosity which the present owner found attached to a tree and promptly secured. It seems that some wandering Englishman taught the mysteries of cricket to certain inhabitants of Samoa. The contagion spread wildly over the islands. Dwellers in one village would decamp in a body, with their pigs, kava-bowls, mats, and other impedimenta, in order to play against neighbouring villages. This put an end to gathering copra for the German traders—or, at all events, greatly hindered the supply—who found none ready, as usual, when they came. The traders, German-like, failed to see any joke in the matter, and loudly complained, with covert menaces, to King Malietoa. That sagacious monarch thereupon issued the curious proclamation herewith translated, entitled "Law Regarding Cricket." It is probable that this severe document was not altogether a success in quenching the ardour of the enthusiastic devotees of "Kilikiti," for the game still holds the field. The penalty may be regarded as purely formal, since the only available prison at the time, we are told, was a walled enclosure, not unlike a village "pound," capable of holding two or three natives, provided they undertook not to climb over.

THE LAW REGARDING CRICKET.

TO ALL THE DISTRICTS OF SAMOA, NOTICE.

1. It is strictly prohibited for a village to travel and play cricket with another village.
2. It is strictly prohibited for two villages to play cricket together.
3. It is also prohibited for a village to play cricket among themselves.
4. Should any village or district fail to keep this law in any respect, they will be fined a sum not exceeding forty-five dollars, or in default be sent to jail for three months with hard labour.

MALIETOA,

Residence of the King, Apia. June 20, 1890.

The King of Samoa.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

When speaking of empty London in August and early September, one might really almost add empty England as well. For, from the country house-party point of view, South Britain is by no means in that enthusiastic request which makes Scotland and, in a lesser degree, Ireland the desired of all sporting sections from sunrise on the glorious Twelfth onwards until partridges put in their welcome appearance. Naturally, with moorside and mountain and well-stocked streams amongst their possibilities, men do not pine for the garden-party, archery meeting, tennis-tea, or tame, tame croquet of the Home County gatherings just now; and thus it is that ladies abound at such junketings, and the country parson swarms thickly as bees in June, while husbands and brothers are potting at liver-wings over the Border or doing a little fishing in picturesque Hibernia. It is a pity, by the way, that, from this point of view, there is not more to kill in Ireland. If by any chance of change and circumstance game could be properly preserved and the rivers looked upon less as mere reservoirs of portable public property in this delightfully lawless country, things would look decidedly more cheerful for the owners thereof. But, in a place where every farmer's lad or village shop-boy is, more or less, his own particular poacher, it is somewhat premature to count on one's own most lawful resources, and you may coddle your pheasants with raisins, or your salmon-spawn with anxious care, only to find them very often conspicuous by absence when the time for garnering that harvest arrives. At the present moment, proverbial Irish hospitality runs that of Scotland a good second in point of number and house-parties are numerous



[Copyright.]

A NOVEL DESIGN.

Lady Headfort has had a batch of people staying at Kells. About Dublin every house has been packed for the past week because of the Horse Show, which continues to be the great central foregathering of the year, and draws all the fair and brave of every county to the onetime



[Copyright.]

AFTERNOON GOWN.

flourishing capital for a week's "diversion." Among those who showed up on the grand stand last Thursday while the "lepping" went forward was Lady Rachel Saunderson, quite nicely frocked in grey; Mrs. Rimington, whose husband is one of the polo-playing Inniskillings, wore very smartly made white; Mrs. Westby has had a party at Roebuck Castle, and brought some visitors; the Hon. Clare O'Brien, one of many wearing white; and the Hon. Caroline Roche in the native colour, green. Mrs. Boyd Rochfort's smart hunter, Paddy, who took jumping honours at the Roscommon Show a week earlier, made very pretty paces at Balls Bridge too, and it was, in fact, quite noticeable that the lady owners came off extremely well—one more proof, if it were needed, that Ireland does not rely on the strong sex only to represent her sporting interests. The glorified tailor-made was very noticeable at the Horse Show, and it certainly is one of the few modes in women's dress which custom does not stale, notwithstanding its by no means infinite variety. Flounces may come and chiffons may go, but the well-cut tailor-made goes on for ever. A particularly well-frocked friend, who had come over on a visit to some Queen's County folk, wore a white woollen gown on the first day of the Show, which, much to my gratification, I found had hailed from John Simmons, of the Haymarket, whose praises I had frequently hymned to her before. The skirt was formed by means of three flounces opening down the centre of front. Each one, trimmed with fine rows of neat stitching, looked very workmanlike. A well-cut bodice arrangement, showing up the figure to admiration, had an Eton-jacket effect at back, while the basque, slightly elongated, or spade-fronted, as it is called in Paris, had a very smart and well-finished air. This little coat was worn over a blue-and-white striped silk vest, and a lace jabot made of Irish point finished all off to the last word. One of the styles for outdoor autumn wear, which will

in most counties; the delightful scenery and pleasant out-of-door life making an added inducement to visitors, apart from the sporting and always sportive aspect of an Irish country-house. Lord and Lady Carysfort are entertaining at Glenart Castle, which is placed in one of the most lovely spots even of famous County Wicklow, and

be found admirably illustrated by John Simmons, is the *chic* little black cloth coat, rounded in front after the spade-fashion already alluded to. With it a fine black-and-white or shepherd's-plaid skirt goes excellently. These shepherd's-plaids have, moreover, the virtue of accommodating either to town or country wear, and, with a velvet-trimmed dress of the same, one is smart enough for most occasions, and yet not overdressed—a happy estate, which very few frocks, it may be added, encompass. Other autumn novelties are the bayadère cord-like stripes, which look so well in black, while some are made in mixed effects, as, for instance, blue and red, black and mauve, blue and green (still a favourite duet in colour), and many more besides. A new Paris hat which cried aloud for admiration was worn with a black tailor-frock by a member of



A NEW CAPE FOR THE AUTUMN.

[Copyright.]

Lady Cadogan's house-party last week. It was of black crinoline-straw, the upturned brim being fastened back with a bow of bright peach-coloured velvet. Behind this, a large white ostrich-feather followed the outline of brim, tucked under it being a bunch of blackberries, with autumn briar foliage in greens and dun-browns. Another good hat was of violet satin straw trimmed with dark velvet of the same tone and bunches of grapes. Fruit seems in for a revival, in fact, and, when well placed, accomplishes some very seasonable effects in millinery. A useful but quite smart country-hat comes from Paris, of brown coarse straw trimmed with three pairs of small black wings set quite erect in front, while a scarf of soft white gauze under yellow point d'esprit completes it. Another and most picturesque departure is a shady shape of yellow Tuscan straw, having bunches of pink dog-roses and wheat-ears set on both sides, bows of black velvet ribbon and strings of the same giving it quite an old-world air.

At Ostend I hear from various quarters of great millinery engagements among rival powers. Grey seems a favourite and fashionable colour there, all the more if admixed with amber or orange. One worn by a leader of the *monde* at Aix is also built on these lines, dove-grey cashmere, slightly trained as to skirt, being accompanied by a semi-zouave of cream guipure, crossed over to one side in front and finished by a chou of orange velvet. At the waist a draped sash of orange velvet passes through a large cut-steel buckle and falls with silk-fringed ends at one side. Long fringes, short fringes, round fringes, flat fringes are, in fact, being prepared by mode-makers for our autumn wear. It is a graceful fashion, and one which has not had the continuance of custom for long, so that it will have, besides, the virtue of comparative novelty. Returning to Ostend, the very well-gowned there have been wearing light-coloured and white silk muslins in the recent warm weather, covered with incrustations of lace—not black, as we have been accustomed to see it this Season, but such pale shades as light green, pink, mauve, and so forth. One dress of turquoise mousseline, covered with a large design of palest mauve guipure, is described by an acquaintance as transcendental. I suppose, with our usual slow limping after Fashion as she flies, we shall see these frocks here next summer. Meanwhile, they are the favourite wear of the modish elect over the water.

It is said that we shall have a change in the fashion of our Court garments next year, owing to the mode set by the Court dresses prepared for the *élite* of Dutch society to be worn at Queen Wilhelmina's coronation. All the trains, or nearly all, are helped to a very regal air by being adorned with stiff high collars set on the shoulders after the uncomfortable but grandiose style of the Elizabethan period, which revelled in buckram and whalebone. One could not, of course, lean back comfortably with such an erection standing out behind; but what a gain in grand effect might be obtained by some of the slipshod, lounging figures one meets with in the Throne-Room on Drawing-Room days!

One of the Queen-Regent's dresses is of white thickly corded Lyons silk, beautifully brocaded in silver, and draped with priceless old Flanders lace about bodice and apron. The train of white silk velvet is especially gorgeous, being embroidered in gold and silver, and lined with a rich material resembling silver tissue. A stomacher of fine diamonds has been designed to fit the corsage; clasps of the same costly jewels are set on shoulders, where they fasten the train. The designs of necklet, tiara, earrings, and bracelets are all to match, being formed of oak-leaves and shamrocks. The setting of these jewels has been executed in Paris. Apropos of jewellery, it is a curious fact that, although Amsterdam is admittedly the centre where most of the fine diamonds of the world are cut, it is to the delicate fancy and skill of Parisian lapidaries that Dutch *dames de la Cour* will be indebted on Coronation Day, many of the best firms in the Rue de la Paix and elsewhere having been commissioned as early as last winter to mount and reset quantities of old family jewels intended for display on the forthcoming great occasion.

Sleeves for evening-gowns are to be more ornate than ever this forthcoming season. Jewel-sewn, sequin-spangled, and richly embroidered, these detached or attachable sleeves recall the customs that prevailed centuries since, when elaborately embroidered sleeves were worn by both sexes, often costing, too, quite large sums. They were, moreover, worn so tight, again according with our present fashion, as to necessitate the habit of buttoning and sometimes sewing them on the wearer. Inner sleeves of embroidered cambric or muslin will also be worn under the short, fringe-edged revivals which the dressmakers are now promising us. Another old custom to which we are returning, surely if gradually, is that of coloured boots and shoes, matching our dresses for outdoor wear. Browns and greens have been worn this summer, but blue, violet, and even dark-red outdoor shoes are being shown as novelties already.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HARRIETT H. (Homburg).—(1) At breakfast coloured linen table-cloths are occasionally used, and in Paris the custom of embroidered table-linen has obtained among the rich and fastidious for some time, pink, yellow, and blue being the colours most in use. Personally, I think white is preferable for all occasions, especially for dinner, but some of the new coloured table-cloths are very handsome and of Austrian manufacture chiefly. (2) I cannot recommend you or think of anything better than Scrubb's Soap. It is a disinfectant, and very pleasant for the bath, as is, of course, their Cloudy Ammonia; but you should not, of course, use the latter in your steel baths. Why not ask your medical man to recommend you a soap?

VANITY.—(1) To your question there can be only one answer, and that is that tight-lacing can never be otherwise than injurious. You may not feel it now, as you assert, but you certainly will later. (2) See my note in article on shepherd's-plaid frocks. It should exactly meet your wants.

J. C. C. (Torquay).—It would be well to buy twelve of each article, and I should have them fine, but not over-trimmed with lace. Hottentot servants are not skilled, from what I can gather from acquaintances at the Cape, in the gentle art of making-up. Jay's or Kate Reilly would give you an estimate for the trousseau, and do your tea-gowns and matinées too. Yes, I know the Paris man you name. He has, of course, a great reputation; but our best West-End dressmakers are difficult to excel nowadays, and are, besides, you must bear in mind, on the spot.

X. X. (Belfast).—I should have thought it was "sending coals," &c., since you have Robinson and Cleaver on the spot. But, if you wish them made in France, I can refer you to my reply to a Jersey correspondent lower down.

MISS W. (Ross-on-Wye).—I regret that you cannot get a pattern of the tea-gown, but Jay or Peter Robinson would copy it for you.

SP. IN FINLAND.—You can get good paper patterns from Butterick, Regent Street, or Peter Robinson of Oxford Street might send you patterns cut out in some light material as you suggest. A good fashion-paper is the *Lady's Pictorial* or the *Queen*.

DOLLY (St. Aubin, Jersey).—Try the Maison de Blanc, near the Opera House. The *Louvre* also is not a bad place, but the other shop makes a speciality of what you require.

ESTHER (Chelford).—I know nothing personally of the Enfield Cycles, but have heard them praised.

FLORENCE (Brecon).—A mauve cashmere trimmed with chenille embroideries and made *en Princesse* would be new, and unlike the other gowns you describe as having ordered in your trousseau. It is difficult to find decisively novel effects in the mid-season; but chenille embroideries and *Princesse* robes are in the autumn bill.

JULIA.—You can get directions for the Rinthel silk ties from Head's of Sloane Street.

SYBIL.

The Algerian Press is engaged upon a campaign against English missionaries in North Africa. Their labours are certainly futile, for they never make any converts, and they are a fruitful source of irritation, but it is ridiculous to suggest that they are in any sense political agents. "Algeria," says the *Dépêche Algérienne*, "flanks the highway to India, at torpedo distance, for a thousand kilomètres. Frenchmen, let us not forget that it is coveted as a hyphen between Gibraltar and Malta." It is also more reasonably pointed out that, as Frenchmen are not permitted to attempt proselytism among the Moslems, foreigners ought not to enjoy greater liberties.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Sept. 13.

MONEY.

Close upon the heels of the boomlet in Yankee Rails came the demand from New York for English gold. The American banks are already negotiating three months' fine bills at 2 to 2½ per cent., while the rate in Lombard Street is 1½ to 1¾ per cent. Farmers in the States are beginning to draw their money from the financial houses in order to move their abundant crops, and the prophets who have been on the look-out for dearer money say that the time is approaching when loans will no longer be obtainable from day to day at ¼ to ⅓ per cent., as they are now. The Bank of England allotted its £1,588,000 Treasury Bills at £2 3s. 6d. per cent., and received applications for over five times the amount offered, showing that there must be still a lot of money out of employment that would be satisfied with a small rate of interest. Tenders for the 3½ per cent. Indian Rupee loan of Rs.1,20,00,000 were opened at Calcutta last Wednesday. A slight over-subscription helped to raise the average rate obtained to 94 rupees 12 annas 5½ pies—a shade over the minimum. Silver improved upon Spanish buying, and, this afternoon, was quoted 27½d., gold being still about 77s. 10½d. The Bank Return was chiefly remarkable for an increase of £342,000 in the Reserve, and the proportion to Liabilities is now 48½ per cent., a rise of 1½ per cent. on the week. "Other Deposits" declined £882,026, but "Other Securities" also decreased by £876,040. As we have already stated, there is a tendency to anticipate slightly higher rates in the Money Market, the Stock Exchange Settlement having to be reckoned with, in addition to exports of gold.

CANADAS.

Last week we dealt at some length with Grand Trunks; its great rival, the Canadian Pacific Railway, is entitled to at least an equal amount of attention. Canadas sprang into existence seventeen years ago, thirty years after the début of the Grand Trunk line. The original share-capital of 5,000,000 dollars was multiplied by five at the very first annual meeting, and the new stock was retailed to shareholders at 25 cents per dollar. From that modest five millions the share-capital has grown to its present amount of sixty-five million dollars, or thirteen millions sterling, and outstanding obligations come to nearly seventeen and a-half millions sterling. A very small portion of the existing 7251 miles of railroad was constructed when British Columbia linked arms with the Dominion of Canada and the Government assumed the responsibility of having a railway made. In 1885, the Grand Trunk handed over 158 miles of the North Shore Railway between Quebec and Montreal to its juvenile rival, receiving in exchange for its stock and its improvements on the line the sum of £100,000. After the lapse of another five years—that is, in 1890—the company secured a Government subsidy of £60,000 a year for a decade, in consideration of its starting a monthly mail-service of steamers between Vancouver and China and Japan. From 1890 to 1894, the Common stock (which is in hundred-dollar shares) received 5 per cent., but in 1895 the loss of the annuity-money was keenly felt, and a dividend of only 1½ per cent. was enough to lower the quotation to 35 in that year. In 1896 2 per cent. was distributed, and the price fluctuated between 65½ and 51. Last year the shares got 4 per cent., and for the first half of 1898 a similar dividend was declared. The highest price reached this year has been 92½, but the nearest approach of late years to touching par was in 1892, when the shares rose to 97½. At present the yield to an investor is over £4 10s. per cent., and the traffics since Jan. 1 show a fairly substantial increase. Great things were anticipated for the company from the rush to Klondyke, but the benefits arising out of this cause will probably not be felt for some time, when the new population has had time to settle down and to experience the needs of a railway to the more civilised parts of the world. Various rumours are circulated from time to time as to gold being found on the Canadian Pacific's property, but it is to the sale or renting of their lands for agricultural purposes, that the shareholders must look to yield them the most steady returns to supplement the railway's takings. The first subsidy granted to the company by the Government was twenty-five million in dollars and the same amount in acres, in consideration of which the line was to be made, equipped, maintained, and worked. The railway is free for ever from all taxation by any authority. Net revenue showed a striking and improving yearly increase between 1887 and 1892; a falling off then became apparent, but once more the line seems gradually going ahead, and, when the rate-war is over, we see no reason why the price should not return to what it was in 1892. Market gossip talks about a fresh issue of Preference stock, but such an emission would probably be made privately, perhaps replacing some of the obligations shortly falling due. The shares are, unfortunately, to a large extent affected by the tone of the Yankee Market; but, even with this drawback, we are inclined to think there are worse speculative investments than Canadian Pacifics.

MEXICAN RAILS.

Last week's unexpectedly good traffic, coming on the top of a rise in silver, gave a fillip to the long-suffering market which deals in these securities. Business in Mexican Rails alone would not be enough for even a Home Railway dealer to live upon, so the jobbers have desperately added Uruguay stocks and Nitrate shares to their lists, and find that these props do not bring all the turns to which their fancy lightly steals. A House superstition has linked the fate of Mexican Rails with that of

Grand Trunks, and it is curious to notice how frequently a rise in Trunks is accompanied by a "Mail" revival. The boys of the same brigade are supposed to have fitted both strings to their bow, and the recent languishment of Trunks has coincided with a dull tone in their old companions. Since the abatement of the curiosity as to whether the Mexican Railway Company would be allowed to fix its charges on a sliding scale that should be regulated by the price of silver, public interest in the various stocks has gradually declined, with the result that the price of Mexican Firsts was shaken down from 83½ to the ruling quotation of about seven points lower. There is only £2,554,100 of this 8 per cent. stock, and less than half that amount of 6 per cent. Second Preference. The Perpetual Debenture Stock receives a regular 6 per cent. upon the issued amount of two millions sterling, but the First Preference received only ⅓ per cent., instead of its full 4, at the last dividend declaration; while the Second Preference has received nothing since it got 10s. 3¼d. per cent. in May 1897.

MILWAUKEES.

Between 85½ and 117½, a difference of 32 points, Milwaukee have fluctuated within the last eight months, and the highest price at the time of writing was touched a few days ago. The making-up price on the last Contango-day, Aug. 10, was 106½, and soon after this the English "bulls" began to take their profits. Consequently, when "the Yanks," to adopt the market term, began to buy Milwaukee hand over fist, there were no shares to be had from London, and there is nothing like a sustained rise in an American stock for inducing English purchasers to come along. The fact of there being only 46 million dollars of the Common stock in existence, of course renders the market peculiarly liable to be worked by whoever may hold a controlling interest. The price of Milwaukee now is 11 points higher than the best it has been for the last six years; in fact, a table showing the highest and lowest prices since 1893 is both instructive and curious—

Year.	Highest.	Lowest.	Extreme Fluctuation.
1893	85½	50	35½
1894	69½	55½	13½
1895	80	54½	25½
1896	83	61½	21½
1897	105½	71½	33½
1898	117½	85½	32

Last year the net receipts amounted to very nearly twelve million dollars for the six months ending June 30, and this year an increase of 1,078,868 dollars was shown for the same period, and the "bulls" have been working upon this as the ground for an increased dividend. For the final half of 1897 a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. was paid last April, and the distribution previous to that, against which the current one will compare, was at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, which made 5½ per cent. for the whole year. Market chit-chat is talking the stock to 150; we shall be extremely surprised if it goes much higher than the present price, and those who can take a profit on their stock we should certainly advise to do so.

AMERICAN BREWERIES.

With the termination of the Hispano-American War has come a slight reviving breath among the issues of an almost stationary market in the Stock Exchange. American Brewery shares have been so hopelessly stagnant for the past twelve months that they appear to have dropped almost out of the ken of all but the unfortunate shareholders. The Yankee Beer boom was at its height in 1889 and 1890. Encouraged by the wonderful success of the Guinness flotation in 1886, numbers of English breweries were launched and eagerly taken up. Then came the wily promoter with his American Brewery, and, however much over-capitalised the concerns were, the public appetite seemed keen enough for them all, the underwriters of the later arrivals, however, being left with a good many shares as a compensating balance for the profits they had made out of the earlier issues. Intermittent "beer wars" played havoc with the profits for the first few years of the companies' existence, and the stringent Liquor Laws passed in some of the Temperance States of America told heavily upon the business of saloon- and restaurant-keepers. The conflict with Spain seemed to come as a crowning blow, since one of the first new imposts for lining the Eagle's war-nest was a tax of a dollar per barrel upon beer, as though the industry—so far as Anglo-American companies were concerned—were not already struggling under a crushing concatenation of circumstances. Let us look at the prices just six months ago, before the Maine incident, and those now current—

Brewery.	Feb. 28, 1898.	Now.	Change.
Bartholomay Ord.	4	2	- 2
" Pref.	9	5½	- 3½
City of Baltimore Ord.	4	3½	- ½
" Pref.	8	7½	- ½
City of Chic. Brew. and Malt Ord.	1½	1½	- ½
" Pref.	6	5½	- ½
Indianapolis Ord.	3½	2½	- 1
" Pref.	9	8½	- ½
Frank Jones Ord.	3½	2½	- 1
" Pref.	8	7	- 1
Milwaukee and Chic. Ord.	1½	1½	None
" Pref.	6½	7	+ ½
New England Ord.	5	4	- 1
" Pref.	9½	8½	- 1
St. Louis Ord.	3½	3	- ½
" Pref.	8½	8	- ½
United States Ord.	10	10	None
" Pref.	12	11½	- ½

The nominal value of the shares above quoted is £10 in each case, and every one is fully paid. All the Preference shares are entitled to a

cumulative 8 per cent. dividend, except Frank Jones Preference, which carry only 7½ per cent. interest. The Spanish fight is over, but the war duty on beer has not yet been repealed, and a two-dollar tax per barrel on lager, which costs only three dollars per barrel to manufacture, is excessive. The extra dollar will, it is hoped, be removed, and, if this is done, we do not see why the companies should not at least be put into a position whereby their Preference dividends may once more be earned; therefore, while we should be slow in advising a purchase of shares, we consider the holders would be foolish to sell at the present time. The Preference shareholders will probably see some of their money back again, at all events, and, after waiting so long, to sell on the first signs of a better tone would be a distinct pity.

WATERWORKS.

The water-famine in the East End of London has brought curious inquiries for some details about the company that is so largely before the public at the present time. The East London Waterworks Company has a capital of nearly a million and three-quarters sterling in Ordinary stock, with £654,740 4½ per cent. Debenture stock, and £390,000 3 per cent. Debenture stock, both the latter ranking as trustee investments. Holders of the Ordinary stock have received dividends that for the last ten years have never fallen below 7 per cent., and 8 per cent. was the latest declared. The price stands at a premium of 125 per cent., and the 3 per cent. Debentures cannot be bought at 103. Of course, under such circumstances, it is not to be expected that consumers would be charged any less when there was no proper supply to consume: it might seriously damage the prospects of another 7 or 8 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary capital. Proprietors of Waterworks stocks whose holding dates back a few years must congratulate themselves upon the steady increase that has taken place in prices during the last six years. For example, Lambeth Waterworks (maximum 10 per cent.), which used in 1892 to pay 4½ per cent. at 210, only pays 3¼ per cent. to day, after a rise of no less than 90 points. The new stock of the New River Company has also experienced a remarkable rise, from 300 in 1891 to 437 this year, after having been 454, an average gain of 22 per cent. per annum in seven years. It is almost impossible to obtain first-class Water stocks to yield anything like 4 per cent. on the money invested, but among the cheaper stocks we may indicate Kent Waterworks and South Staffordshire "A" and "B" stocks, which pay a purchaser about 3½ per cent., while the "D" stock of the latter returns 3¼. The remainder of the list yield only between 3 and 3½ per cent. in most cases. It is not so much the increase of dividend which has forced up the prices of Waterworks as the cheapening of money. It is a mere platitude to say that investors nowadays have to be content with a much lower income from the same money that yielded them between 4 and 5 per cent. readily enough only seven years ago. From all appearances there is little chance of gilt-edged investments becoming cheaper for many a year to come.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

The decision of the Stock Exchange Committee to close the House at half-past one on Contango Saturdays instead of at two o'clock is hoped by some members to be the prelude of doing away altogether with the useless "Mining Contango Day." The scheme, when first inaugurated, came as an intense relief to the busy broker, who found that a single day was far too short in which to arrange all his carry-overs, and for his clerks to attend to the office details of sending out statements, preparing names, &c. Now, however, the situation is completely changed. If a boom should come to-morrow, and continue for another eighteen months, it is doubtful whether the second Contango Day would be at all necessary, and in these stagnant times it is merely a nuisance and a hindrance to what little business is doing. Contangoes now run on "oiled casters," to quote Lord Rosebery, for the last boom left in its train a wealth of experience in arranging carry-overs that was only acquired by painful experience in those days of Ninety-four. Several of the London banks are now willing to grant accommodation to their customers upon security that they would have turned from in holy horror before the Kaffir boom gave them an opportunity of profitably employing money which otherwise was earning a mere pittance at the current bank-rate, and the present breadth of the whole market would be found to be a strong element in the easy arrangement of rates. Brokers and dealers began to do their contangoes last Friday for the following Wednesday Account Day, thus extending the Settlement over five days. Why should the mining carry-over day be allowed to exist after it has fulfilled its mission? Away with it, Gentlemen of the Committee!

Investment stocks are beginning to look more healthy, and Consols led the way upwards as soon as the line of stock to which I referred last week was taken off the hands and the mind of the market. The Consols settlement takes place next Thursday, Sept. 1, and when the dividend comes off the stock will look cheap—for Consols, that is. We have long passed the days when "the sweet simplicity of 2½ per cent." was considered quite sufficient reason for the Funds to rest at par. In five years' time the interest will be reduced to a scanty 2½ per cent., and it is for trustees who hold Goschens to consider whether it would not pay them better to sell their stock now, and invest in some sound Railway Debenture Stock within the Act, than to wait for the coming reduction of their interest on Consols, and possible reduction in capital value as well, if the price should fall in ratio to the dividend. The atmosphere is not quite so hazy in Diplomatic circles as it was when Consols "made up" a month ago, but there is only a slight indication of any better feeling between this country and Russia, and upon that feeling the present course of Consols, and investment stocks generally, largely depends.

The Home Railway Market has been enlivened by a rise in Great Westerns, signs of which had already begun to appear, my readers will remember, last week. It is a little difficult to see what the stock is being bought on; the traffic-decrease since June 30 is already a serious one, and the Welsh strike is not over yet. Another unpleasantly reduced dividend next February seems more than likely, but, of course, the argument runs that there is certain to be a sharp recovery upon news of the strike being settled, and it cannot hurt to put up the price beforehand. Discounting the future is now being developed into a fine art, and it

will probably be found, when the compromise between masters and men is finally arranged, that the price of Great Westerns will begin to recede after its first spurt. The new stock is still cheaper to buy than the old, and dealings take place in allotment letters, thus saving a half per cent. *ad valorem* for Stamp Duty. Barry New is creeping up, and a fairly free market in the scrip has been established at Bristol. In the passenger stock department, all interest for the time being in "Little Chats" and "Doras" has subsided, and I hear from one who is supposed to be well up in matters which go on behind the scenery that no marked rise is likely to take place in either for another three months, when the joint-stocking agreement ought to be showing visible gold, as the mine-managers say. Speaking of mine-managers reminds one of the long-delayed settlement in Kent Coal Collieries, the shares of which are cautiously—very cautiously—dealt in by a few Dover "A" merchants. They like best to leave the business entirely to Mr. Sid. Smith or Mr. Gard'ner, the latter over in the Miscellaneous Market. A jobber was telling me last week that someone shot him a few pounds of the first coal produced in Kent (I do not know from which company's ground). He put a few lumps into a fire to burn along with the ordinary coal. The latter disappeared in the ordinary way, but the others were unmoved by their baking, and the disgusted dealer distributed them as curios or hematite iron among his friends. This is a true story, but whether the coal that is now being unearthed in Kent is burnable or not may be another tale altogether.

The Foreign Market shook its head over Spain's war-bill of nearly eighteen millions sterling, and wants to know where the money is coming from. "Ports" went ahead the other day, perhaps on comparison with the price of Spanish. Some inquiries for Santa Fé Bonds has resulted in higher prices, the "bills" pinning their hopes to the conversion of the Fives into Argentine Fours (now standing at 60) at the rate of 95 per cent. At the present price of Argentine Bonds this would make Santa Fé Fives worth 57. Rumours are rife as to a fresh Argentine loan. "We all know what *that's* for," significantly remarked a broker who has always insisted that the antedating of interest on the bonds was a grand mistake. The thirty-seventh report of a new Transvaal loan has met with small credence.

Yankees have been the only living stocks in the House, with the exception of De Beers. In the American Market the everlasting rate-war settlement has again been the peg upon which to hang a rise in anything that possessed the word "Pacific" in its title. Canadas, Unions, Northern Pacific, and Trunks have all been well to the fore, the two Canadian lines being strong upon pleasant disappointments over the traffic-decreases. Central Pacifics are beginning to move, and, for a gambling counter, are said to be worth holding, as they may be taken in hand by the Amsterdam brigade very shortly. Louisville and Milwaukee are still the prime favourites with speculators, and Louisville look quite high enough. The "bears" ought to take comfort in the extravagant talk which is booming Milwaukee to 150. After the war is over, I am rather inclined to look for a reaction in Anglo "A" and "B," although dividend rumours will soon be coming along.

The Brewery market is unruffled at the strange spectacle of Mr. Showell leading the Birmingham brewers before the licensing authorities of the town with a petition for closing twenty-three of the public-houses at once, and another twenty-seven in the course of the year. The step is probably absolutely unique in the history of the trade, and, of course, the brewers are not taking it out of philanthropy. A dealer in South Africans sighed longingly as a broker discussed the news with him, and exclaimed, "O for a shoal of Showells on the Rand!" The illicit liquor traffic is gradually assuming the position in the mind of the Kaffir Market which was once occupied by the cost of dynamite. Where is the immaculate President? Can he do nothing to put a stop to this curse to his country, permitted merely in order to enrich certain liquor syndicates, every member of which deserves a fate akin to that of the Duke of Clarence in 1478? If Kruger's religion be nothing more than "a complicated system of insurance against posthumous risks," one might have thought that he would have been impelled to do what he could to save his country from the degradation to which the abominable traffic is reducing the native population. The mining industry, we all know, stands very far from the premier position in Boer politics, and that it can hope to flourish under existing circumstances seems almost impossible. All the more credit to the managers who are able to make their properties yield substantial results. Rhodesians are quiet and featureless, but the market are looking for a crushing or two to galvanise fresh interest into its properties.

As with Kaffirs so with Westralians. The best shares are good; difficult to buy in any quantity, but low-grade concerns are not wanted. Associated are once more receiving a little Adelaide attention, and Lake Views have been in demand upon a capital crushing. Miscellaneous Mines are taking a holiday; in fact, were it not for the Mount Lyell group, the shutters might as well go up in that triangle altogether. Some of the jobbers there talk about taking a fist in "Mails"; much better starve where you are, counsels THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

NEW ISSUE.

The Newfoundland Fish Industries, Limited, appeals for £250,000 capital to carry on the business of fish-curing, cold storage, &c. It also proposes to take over the patents of the Fish-Oil and Guano Company, and to start a manufactory for volenite in Newfoundland. The net profit is estimated at £124,500, the capital is divided into 70,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares and 180,000 Ordinary, and £180,000 has been fixed as the purchase price. The directorate is a strong one, and numbers among its members the Hon. A. Curzon and Mr. Griffith-Boscawen, M.P. As a speculative proposition, the prospectus reads fairly enough, but the market has barely had time to recover from its recent overdose of Fish-Oil Companies.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. S.—See our Stock Exchange letter.

J. L.—Yes; keep them for the present. They will probably improve when the report is published.

I hear that Rosbach has become a very favourite table-water during the recent hot weather. Whilst being comparatively inexpensive, it is palatable and pleasant, whether drunk alone or with wines or spirits, and has a large amount of medical testimony as to its wholesome character.